

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1896.

NO. 48.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	9:35
7:29 A. M. Daily.	10:15
12:49 P. M. Daily.	11:35
2:47 P. M. Daily.	12:55
4:19 P. M. Daily.	1:35
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	2:15
SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	2:35
11:13 A. M. Daily.	2:55
12:10 P. M. Daily.	3:35
5:08 P. M. Daily.	4:15
7:10 P. M. Daily.	4:55
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	5:35

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:20	9:35
10:00	10:15
10:40	10:55
11:20	11:35
12:00	12:15
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:15

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abbot, south San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.
Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.....9:30 a. m.
" South.....10:40 6:45

MAIL CLOSING.

No. 5 South.....8:30 a. m.
No. 14 North.....9:30 a. m.
No. 18 South.....2:30 p. m.
No. 6 North.....6:00 p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.
Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City	TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City	TAX COLLECTOR
F. M. Granger.....Redwood City	DISTRICT ATTORNEY
H. W. Walker.....Redwood City	ASSESSOR
C. D. Hayward.....Redwood City	COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
J. F. Johnston.....Redwood City	SHERIFF
Wm. P. McEvoy.....Redwood City	AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City	SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City	CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City	SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City	

LATE NEWS NOTES.

A Brussels dispatch to the London Chronicle says that the authorities of Rotterdam have received an anonymous letter threatening to blow up all the public buildings there unless the Irish prisoners, Kearney and Haines, are liberated.

A dispatch to the London Times from Fort Salisbury, Matabeleland, says that Major Janer has completely beaten Umtigweas' tribe, numbering 5000 men, at Fort Charter, and has captured all their strongholds. Umtigweas surrendered.

A Toledo dispatch says the white caps have created another sensation in that county by whipping a man named Huntsman, who lives at Holland Station, ten miles from there, and burying him a live.

A Dallas, Tex., dispatch says a strike of the operatives in the Dallas cotton mills has been determined upon to take place shortly. The company few days ago determined to reduce wages 10 per cent., on the plea that the Dallas mills were paying 30 per cent higher wages than in any other of the 500 mills in the South. If the owners persist in forcing the cut, according to their printed circular nearly three hundred operatives will walk out.

The London Times has published a dispatch from Sebastopol saying that the Russian Black Sea fleet has been put on a war footing and that three battalions of infantry have been embarked. Part of the fleet is cruising off Ochakof, at the mouth of the Dnieper river, forty miles from Odessa, under orders that if its commander receives a telegram from M. Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador to Turkey, it must join the remainder of the fleet, leaving Sebastopol and go direct to the Bosphorus. The dispatch adds that all the troops in south Russia are ready for active service.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information from All Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Budget of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curly Told in this Column.

Glen Ellen will have a rose carnival next May.

The Petaluma woolen mills have started up.

The famous Giannelli ranch, near Santa Rosa, has been sold.

Work will soon be commenced on Petaluma's cold storage plant.

A 400-pound sturgeon was taken in the river near Arlington this week.

An electric franchise has been granted from Sonoma to Santa Rosa.

Bids will be opened October 8 for the construction of dikes in Tillamook Bay, Ore.

Santa Barbara capitalists are planning to erect a \$10,000 bathhouse at that place.

The new engines for the Hartford, Admiral Farragut's old ship, will be built at Vallejo.

Robert A. Habersham, of Portland, Or., has been appointed Surveyor-General of Oregon.

Home products at the Mechanics' Fair, San Francisco, are attracting a great deal of attention.

Mat Warner, of San Diego, has accidentally discovered a mine of tellurium running \$28,000 to the ton.

Warden, the train wrecker, has been sentenced in Woodland to be hanged at Folsom December 18th next.

Dr. Lewis Swift, the astronomer in charge of Mount Lowe Observatory, has discovered two new comets.

Alameda girls are forming a boat club with a view of racing the San Diego girls' crew on Thanksgiving.

The State Fair at Sacramento ran behind and the city trustees helped out by giving \$400 from its immigration fund.

Berkeley has made it a misdemeanor for property owners to allow weeds to grow on sidewalks in front of their property.

William Moore, the confessed murderer of Mrs. Greenwood at Napa, five years ago, has been arrested in Los Angeles.

The Moncton sugar refinery, at Moncton, B. C., was destroyed by fire the other evening, entailing a loss of over \$300,000.

The Supreme Court has made a ruling establishing the supremacy of the statutes over ordinances of the Supervisors.

At the San Luis Rey Mission, San Diego county, Father O'Keefe is preparing to have about 160 feet of the front wall of the court restored.

Labor Commissioner Fitzgerald has recommended to Governor Budd in his report that the labor bureau be abolished and instead a head office be established in San Francisco with branches in Sacramento and Los Angeles.

The long quarrel in the First Congregational Church, in San Francisco, has finally ended. A new minister, Dr. Adams, has been installed in the place of the former pastor, Dr. C. O. Brown.

The California Navigation and Improvement company talks of putting on a line of fast passenger boats between Stockton and San Francisco, by which the time between those points would be reduced to four and a half hours.

The low price of California hops is due to carrying over a surplus. Therefore, a Sacramento county grower suggests that they let all the yards rest for a year, when there will be a shortage and the new crop can fix its own price.

The railroad bridge that collapsed in Humboldt county over Mad river, is 600 feet long. The train had gone about 150 feet on it when the tragedy ensued. To reach the wreck the passengers had to go down an almost perpendicular cliff.

Over \$190,000 is to be refunded to tax-payers in San Francisco whose personal property tax has been paid on the basis of last year's assessment, at \$2.35 per \$100 of valuation. The repayment of the excess will begin on the second Monday in October.

Tacoma and San Francisco banks will assist in reorganizing the Yakima Investment Company, which controls the Sunnyside Irrigating Canal and 3000 acres of land in Yakima county. The principal stockholder in the company is the Northern Pacific Railroad Company.

A San Francisco undertaker says that girls are more tenacious of life than boys. During two months of this summer he buried the bodies of twenty-six boys under five years of age, but no girls under that age. Last year 85 per cent more male than female infants died.

It is estimated the California vintage

will be considerable below the normal this year, but those having wine grapes for sale will benefit by the enhanced prices, they being nearly double rates of a year or two ago. Wine making is well under way in many sections, and the weather is all that could be desired, so that the quality of the wine should be excellent.

Earnest protests have been forwarded to the Secretary of War by Governor Budd, President Craig, of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, Major-General James of the National Guard, and General Graham, Commander of the Fifth Artillery Regiment, against the transfer of the regiment from the Presidio, San Francisco, to Florida.

The forthcoming biennial report of State Mineralogist Crawford will show that natural gas exists in Kings, Marin, Sacramento, San Joaquin, Santa Barbara, Santa Clara, Solano and Tulare counties. Gold is to be found in every county of the State, and in paying quantities except fifteen. High-priced mining experts are investigating the Southern end of the mother lode, and it is thought that a large deal in mines will follow.

The first car over the Klamath river and Eureka Railroad arrived at Samoa one night last week, the road having just been completed. It is about twenty miles in length and connects the northern part of Humboldt with Eureka. For several miles it runs parallel with the Arcata and Mad River Railroad, on which the bridge accident occurred recently. The road has been in process of construction for the past ten months.

Charles Cavill, the Australian champion swimmer, and son of Prof. Fred Cavill, of England, who swam across the English Channel in eleven hours, making a world's record, accomplished the hitherto unattempted feat of swimming across the Golden Gate from Fort Point to the Marin county shore in 1 hr. 15 min. The time spent in covering the distance is remarkably short, considering contrary tides and currents, and the fact that he was carried almost a mile out of his course.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

Chicago men have bought the Red Dog and Golden Star group of mines in the Winnifred district, near Phoenix, for \$15,000.

E. S. Beghley & Co. are suing the Pasadena school district for \$360.47, which they claim for material furnished to A. R. Klock, the contractor on the school building, who used the material in the construction.

The outstanding crops around Willomar are about all cared for. The machine men say barley and wheat are of a better grade and show a larger yield there than in any other place they have visited.

Mrs. Eliza Griffin Johnston, widow of the famous Confederate General Albert Sidney Johnston, died in Los Angeles September 25, at the residence of her son-in-law, United States District Attorney George Denis.

The Pasadena Opera House Company has filed articles of incorporation. Capital, \$100,000, with \$600 subscribed. Directors, T. S. C. Lowe, L. P. Lowe, and H. C. Brown, of Pasadena, and Thaddeus Lowe of Altadena.

A Hollidaysburg, Pa., dispatch says Thomas E. Suckling, clothier; Henry I. Bunker, meat market; Charles E. Reed, grocery, all prominent merchants, failed on account of the closing of Gardiner Morrow & Co.'s bank. Their stores were closed on executions for \$25,000.

By a collision between the Union Pacific express train from Salt Lake and the West, due at Butte, Mont., at 11:35 a. m., and a mixed train on the Montana Union bound for Anaconda, the engines of both trains and express and smoker of the Union Pacific were wrecked and several persons more or less injured.

The party of Union Generals, accompanied by Major Schoenfeld, the Republican candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, and Secretary Ewing of the Republican State Central Committee, have arrived at West Superior, Wis., after a trip enlivened by forest fires, which threatened the bridge and delayed their progress.

The Southern California orange crop will, according to present appearances, be an unusually early one, and a great portion of the fruit will mature in time for the holiday markets. This is caused by the dry weather which at this season of the year is conducive to early ripening. The citrus crop will not be excessively large, but what there is of it promises to be of unusual excellence.

Two satchels and a large trunk filled with dynamite bombs were discovered in Chicago by the police in the rooms of an anarchist named Bestman, in a four-story brick building at the corner of Oak and Sedgewick streets. The anarchist has not been seen in Chicago for two years, but he left his baggage behind him. It was never opened until recently. In the satchels were found several letters written by Parsons and one or two of the other anarchists who were executed. The whereabouts of the owner of the trunk is not now known.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country.

SPOKEN OF IN THIS COLUMN.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest our Readers Both Old and Young.

News comes from Rome that the relations between the Powers over the situation in Turkey are strained to the point of rupture.

A Brussels cablegram says the first commission, just appointed by King Leopold, for the protection of the natives of the Congo State, includes Dr. Sims of the American Baptist Mission.

It is understood in St. Petersburg, Russia, that United States capitalists are negotiating with the Russian Government for the establishment of a rapid steamship service between San Francisco and Vladivostok.

A Singapore dispatch to the London Times says that the Viceroy of Nanking has issued a proclamation forbidding the transfer of land at Wu-Sung to foreigners, because the improvement of the river will make Wu-Sung a greater port than Shanghai.

The American ship Luzon, Captain Park, which left New York May 2 for Shanghai, passing Anjer on August 18th, grounded on the bar at Wu-Sung. It is probable the ship will be floated after she has been lightened, but she must be drydocked before putting to sea again.

The Right Hon. Denman, formerly a judge of the high court of justice, in London, but who retired from the bench in October, 1892, is dead, aged 78 years. After his retirement from the bench Denman became a member of the judicial committee of the privy council.

A serious outbreak of bubonic plague has occurred in Bombay, India, 800 victims having already perished. The bacillus of the disease is identical with that which Professor Kitasato, the distinguished Japanese physician, discovered during the Hong-kong visitation last year.

Mrs. Callias, wife of Callias Bey, has started for Constantinople, a cablegram having been received from Minister Terrill that he is dying. It was rumored that Mrs. Callias, who was the wife of the late P. T. Barnum, had become estranged from her Greek nobleman husband, but she denies it.

A Washington dispatch says that in a few days United States Treasury Circular No. 136 will be issued. It contains information respecting national banks, State banks, savings banks, loan and trust companies and private banks of the United States, compiled from reports of the Comptroller of the Currency.

In response to a communication from the Governor of Wyoming, received at Washington, that the Shoshone Indians were hunting at Jackson's Hole, and that trouble might result, the Indian Bureau has directed the Indian police to return these Indians to their reservation, using force if necessary.

A cablegram from Lima, Peru (via Galveston), says that President-elect Errazuriz has been inaugurated. The following ministry has been definitely decided upon: Minister of the Interior, Annibal Zanaru; Foreign Affairs, Enrique Dupont; Justice, Adolfo Abanel; Finance, Jose Francisco Fabres; War and Marine, Gen. Manuel Buttes; Public Works, Francisco Baez.

Press advices received in Victoria, B. C., by the Empress of India report serious earthquake disturbances and floods throughout the northern provinces of Japan, involving the destruction of upward of 1000 houses, the loss of several hundred lives and much distress among the survivors. The Government has inaugurated a systematic plan of relief.

The Porte in Constantinople has received an official report stating that 60 persons were killed in the recent disturbances at Eugin in the Diabekir district of Armenia. The Kurds attacked the Armenian houses and killed as many inhabitants as they could find. The report says it is feared that massacres will soon take place in other districts of Constantinople.

A dispatch to the New York Herald from Buenos Ayres says that he has had a conference with the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Foreign Minister declared that in sending the cruiser Piedmont to Brazil the Italian government did not intend any hostile act against Brazil. Italy's purpose was entirely friendly, being assured that full satisfaction would be given for the insult to the Italian flag.

Speaking of millionaires and their luxuries a dispatch says: An Englishman, who has a lake on his estate, recently caused it to be drained, temporarily, and in the deepest part had a house built, containing a smoking-room, dining-room and a servant's waiting-room. The framework of the house is iron, and the floor stone, the sides and roof being composed of thick glass. The whole house is under water.

SAN BRUNO Meat Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

WAGON WILL CALL AT YOUR DOOR with the best and choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats. Chickens on Saturdays.

SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR CYPRESS

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

M. F. HEALEY, Hay, Grain and Feed. +++ Wood and Coal. ++ ++

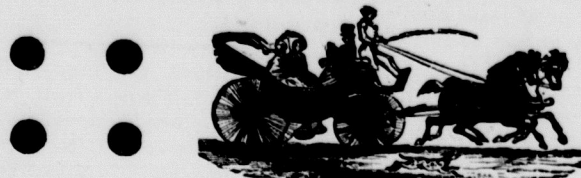
ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.



Detroit Livery Stable EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

W. REHBERG, PROPRIETOR.

I. GOLDTREE & CO., Commission Brokers,

(Casserley's Seven-Mile House,)

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods.

Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than City prices.

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

GEO. KNEESE,

206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES CROCKERY, MEN'S CLOTHING ETC., ETC., ETC.

:: Free Delivery. ::

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand.....and.....San Bruno Ave

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

Since "Jameson's Ride" the poet laureate of England has declined to put any of his verses in writing.

Woman suffrage would undoubtedly strengthen the cause of home industry, and all who favor the one should support the other.

"Did prehistoric man eat pie?" anxiously inquires the Toronto Mail. We judge he did by the fact that his digestion no longer works.

It is probable that when young Cornelia heard that Gertrude's dowry from Papa Vanderbilt would be \$5,000,000 he thought a few minutes.

If Emperor William is to continue painting pictures and writing poetry, the lese majeste laws of Germany ought to be abolished, or at least greatly modified in justice to the suffering public.

The Elevated Railroad Company, of Chicago, has just ordered at Milwaukee a 9,000-horse power engine. The same concern is making the largest saw mill machinery ever made, for California, to saw red wood.

If there must be war against the people who live in the heathen countries of Africa and the far east it is to be hoped that civilization will do something toward rearranging the spelling of proper names in those regions.

According to the statistics about 300,000 more books were taken from the Chicago public library than from the Boston public library for the last fiscal year and Boston people are now explaining that they own libraries and do not borrow books as they do in Chicago and other uncultured places.

Roentgen has published some new facts about his rays. He finds that all solid bodies can generate them; the only difference being in the intensity, the greatest intensity being produced by platinum. He finds that the insertion of a Tesla coil between the Ruhmkorff coil and the ray-producing apparatus is very advantageous and that the X rays and the air traversed by them can discharge electrified bodies.

The world's sources of wheat supply having multiplied, the value of our crop depends not so much upon our own surplus as upon the supply of other wheat-producing countries. This fact of outside rivalry is what keeps the West uneasy. Wheat there is raised on the theory that every other country is going to be short, instead of upon the sure basis of a regular market. This country must yet learn to reconcile itself to hard facts. We no longer stand where we did in the matter of food supply monopoly. Nothing can change the fact but a reversal of the conditions that brought it about.

Still more interesting than the voyage made by the two Swedish sailors in a rowboat from New York to Havre, though that was a signal exploit of foolhardy daring, is the voyage made by Capt. Joshua Stocumbe, of Boston. He is reported to have navigated the schooner Alameda Spray from Boston to Apia, Samoa, with no help whatever. The story sounds improbable, but if it is true Capt. Stocumbe must be one of the bravest men and biggest fools of the present generation. It is difficult and dangerous for a ship with full complement of men to round the Horn, and even such a ship encounters perils innumerable in the course from Valparaiso to Honolulu, which was taken by the Alameda. But a schooner with one sailor making that journey must be as buoyant as the Flying Dutchman. Clark Russell should lose no time in interviewing Capt. Stocumbe.

One of the members of Li Hung Chang's suite, it seems, is in the agreeable habit of warbling a ditty, of which the first verse is: "A man loved a lady who was actually his wife." As it is a Chinese song it throws a new light upon the state of civilization in the Flowery Kingdom. By means of it we see that the almond-eyed inhabitants of China are not so far behind the Caucasian races as has been generally supposed, for it is apparent that they have reached a point where the circumstance alluded to in the song creates as much surprise among them as it does among Americans and Europeans. Evidently the only thing remaining for the Chinese to achieve in order to be on a level with the Western nations in the matter of enlightenment is the institution of alimony. In China when a man wears of his wife he divorces her without formality or trouble by the simple method of turning her adrift.

Almost the last reminder of the glories of the World's Fair, the great statue of the Republic, which stood at the eastern entrance of the lagoon, has disappeared. Some time ago the unethical elements deprived it of one arm, and the wind and rain had completely ruined its complexion, but its majesty to the last was unimpaired, and the mutilated but sturdy goddess stood defiant. It remained for fire to consume her, as all such Titanic creatures ought to be consumed. The destroying flames were placed beneath her; they rose with malicious eagerness and seized her unshrinking form; and in a few moments she had been transformed into a cloud. But, if there be any truth in sentiment, the spiritualized goddess has not deserted her former place of

habitation, but still abides there in ward of the ghost of the fairy scene of which she was for a brief but never-to-be-forgotten time the presiding genius.

The removal of a large number of Russian peasants into the now waste but cultivable lands of Siberia will probably have an important influence on the economic and social conditions of the world in the future. Every movement which has for its purpose and does in effect increase the volume of production cheapens the commodities to the consumer, and whether it is by way of improved machinery or enlarged area, the result is the same. There are immense areas of uncultivated and unproductive lands in Siberia, and if, as seems probable, they are to be utilized in multiplying the products of the soil and consequently increasing the wealth of the world, there is in that fact the promise of a betterment of general conditions. With the constantly progressing development of methods and the corresponding enlargement of the area of production the comforts and conveniences of life will advance in proportion to the enhanced opportunities.

W. S. Stratton, the many-millioned mine owner of Cripple Creek, is learning that there are compensatory disadvantages attached to the possession of great wealth. Only four or five years ago Stratton was a carpenter who was glad to be able to earn a few dollars a day in the sweat of his cold chisel. Now he is estimated to be worth at least \$20,000,000 in discovered and an almost infinite amount in covered riches. He will not permit more than \$100,000 a month to be taken from his independence mine, because he cannot find desirable investments for more than that sum. But he is not happy. A generous, good-natured man, his generosity and good nature are continually being imposed upon, and attempts to blackmail are constantly made against him. Almost every day his life is threatened. Meanwhile, he cannot eat or drink more than he could when he was poor, nor wear more than one suit of clothes at one time.

The Rev. Julius Feicke, late of Jersey City, later of Hoboken, and now of "the outskirts of Philadelphia," does not blur his motives by any false pretenses, and frankly avows that when he puts his hand to the plow he is ready to turn back at any time when he is convinced it would be more profitable. Although Mr. Feicke is engaged now in leading a little flock near the City of Brotherly Love, he will be remembered more particularly for having turned a former little flock in Jersey City over to another leader about a year ago in order to open a saloon in Hoboken. Mr. Feicke explained his action at that time by the statement that he had assumed the responsibility of supporting his family, which fact the people who regulated the size of his salary did not appear to appreciate, and that the saloon business, especially in Hoboken, seemed to offer the most hopeful prospect of satisfying his ambition to obtain a living return for his labor. It may be regarded perhaps as a distinct triumph for the cause of religion that Mr. Feicke has been no better able to make both ends meet behind the bar than in the pulpit, and undoubtedly he is wise in preferring the environment of the preacher to that of the barkeeper since he demonstrated he cannot make a living in either vocation. But it is safe to predict that Mr. Feicke will not remain content long, and that his present move is merely a "run to cover." A man who can make the transitions from pulpit to bar and back again within a year betrays a spirit that will not be daunted by a few failures. He may not be a good preacher, nor yet a good saloon-keeper, but he inspires a confidence that sooner or later he will discover what he is good for, and promptly do it.

Judge Seaman, of the United States Court, at Milwaukee, made a ruling a few days ago of interest to collection agents and business men generally. One Barber, head of a collection agency, was arrested for sending through the mails a letter urging the payment of a debt, with his business card printed on the envelope. For this alleged offense he had been arrested, and under the ruling of a United States commissioner put in jail. Judge Seaman ordered his discharge on the ground that the contents of the letter did not constitute a violation of the postal laws. "The right to send a respectful dunning letter," said the judge, "cannot be questioned, whether sealed or unsealed. Proper and diligent effort on the part of creditors to collect debts are not to be discouraged, and the business of making collections, fairly conducted, is clearly legitimate." The law on this subject is so plain that it will not be misunderstood. It makes a penal offense to send through the mails any postal card or letter on the envelope of which may be anything "of an indecent, libelous, scurrilous, defamatory or threatening character, or calculated to reflect injuriously upon the character or conduct of another." A dunning letter or postal card, no matter how urgent, that falls within this prohibition, is not permissible. In case of a sealed letter the prohibition does not apply to the contents, but only to what appears on the envelope. The idea that a creditor or collection agent cannot send through the mails a letter or postal card respectfully requesting or urging the payment of a debt seems to have grown out of the prevalent theory that the collection of debts is a great wrong on the debtor class.

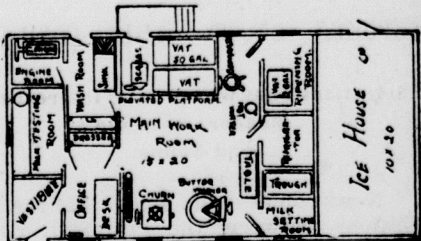
Parke—I don't suppose, old man, you can really appreciate how bright my children are. Lane—No; I have never met your wife.—New York Herald.

ALL ABOUT THE FARM

SUBJECTS INTERESTING TO RURAL READERS.

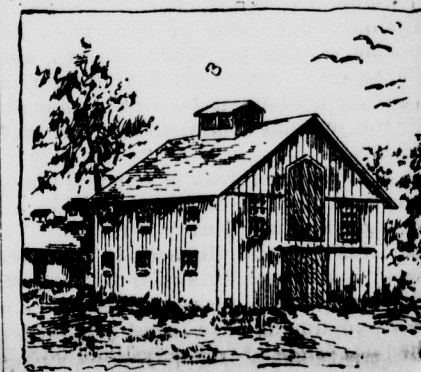
Dairy Department Equipment in an Experiment Station—A Homemade Windmill that Answers All Requirements.

Dairy Department.
In the accompanying engraving the first shows the floor plan of the new creamery, and the second presents a perspective view of the new dairy barn, which have recently been added to the equipment of the Maryland Experiment Station. This addition has been



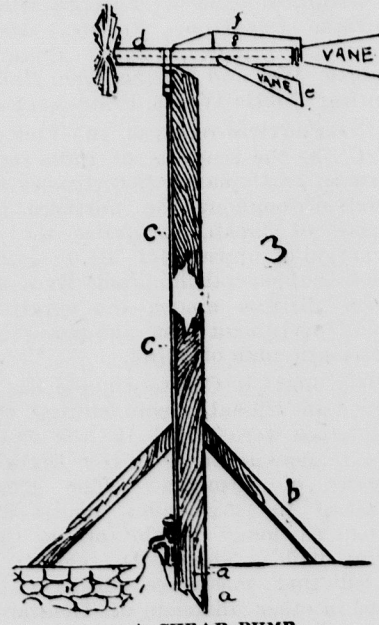
GROUND PLAN OF CREAMERY.

made in order to keep pace with changing conditions of the agriculture of the State. Many sections that were but a few years ago grain-producing are now becoming dairy centers. In 1888 there were less than six creameries in the State, but now there are eighty in operation. The work at present of the station will be to illustrate the best methods of work with the average conditions as they exist in the State. Illustrations how to go about selecting and rearing a profitable butter herd will be a prominent feature—a herd that will produce 300 pounds or over per cow, instead of the present low State average of 100 pounds per cow. It will also be the aim of the station in its every day work, and by means of accounts, to show how it is possible to carry a cow per acre instead of using four or five acres as is usually done. The more technical work will be with feeds and improved methods of handling and care of products. The dairy barn is fitted up with a number of kinds of stanchions, Newton cow ties, Bidwell stalls



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF DAIRY BARN, and the old-fashioned mangers, and many conveniences for preparing and handling feeds.—American Agriculturist.

A Homemade Windmill.
A windmill such as is portrayed below can be made by any ingenious farmer at a trifling expense. For an upright to place the windmill on, I use 6 by 6 inch elm scantling. Cut a 2-inch strip four feet long from the center and run it down on the cribbing of the well. Two bolts, a, a, were riveted through upright to cribbing. Two braces, b, b, of 2 by 4 inch scantling make the upright secure. To upper end of upright is bolted a piece of old pump piping about two feet long for the sucker rod c c to work through, as well as for the windmill to turn and face the wind. The crosspiece upon which the windmill works, d, contains a hole just large enough to allow it to turn easily on this pipe. The shaft from the windmill to pitman passes close at one side of this pipe. The tail or vane is put on the opposite side of the crosspiece to the fan and balances it. To prevent the main vane from holding the fan too straight to the wind in a



A CHEAP PUMP.

storm, I placed a smaller vane, e, at the side. Strong winds press against the smaller vane, turning the fan out enough to prevent breaking. The crosspiece is 6 by 6 inches. At about one-third of the distance from the pipe to pitman is placed a standard, f, for a lever, f, to work on. These parts were made by a blacksmith. My windmill has been in operation over a year, and since placing the smaller vane, e, on the side, I have had no trouble with it; before then, a storm would break the leaves.—R. M. B., in Farm and Home.

Good Advice.
The habit of calling attention to defects about homes, by apologizing for them, is a bad one, and one that no self-respecting woman should follow. The following advice given to a young married woman who was visited by an older and more experienced one may be helpful to some of our readers.

When the visitor rose to go the hostess came with her to the door, and out upon the piazza, which, however, looked a little dusty in the corners. "Oh, dear!" said the young wife, "how provoking the servants are! I told Mary to sweep the piazza thoroughly, and now look how dusty it is." "Grace," said the older woman, looking into the disturbed young face with kindly, humorous eyes, "I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice: Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so they will rarely see them. Now, if I had been in your place and noticed the dirt, I should have said, 'How blue the sky is!' or 'How beautiful the clouds are!' or 'How bracing the air is!' Then I should have looked up at that as I spoke, and should have gotten you down the steps, and out of sight without your seeing the dust!" There is a good lesson here for many of us.

Benefits of Early Fall Plowing.
In all our experience we have never seen any but the best results from early fall plowing, while on the other hand we have often seen the ill effects of late plowing on the next crop. At one time we began the plowing of a field containing eighty acres while still engaged in stacking, the wet weather having interfered with the latter work, says a writer in the "Homestead." Plowing was continued at odd times till late in the fall, and the following year the entire field was planted in corn. During the summer the growing corn told unerringly of the difference in time of plowing, the crop being the best on the early plowed ground and the poorest on the late plowed. With our experience in plowing stubble ground for a crop of corn we would much prefer spring plowing to that of the late fall, the only thing to be said in favor of the latter being that work is not usually so pressing in the fall as in the spring, but early fall plowing is far better than either, whether for corn or small grain, and if the surface of the soil does become packed all the better for the crop. It will show its appreciation as soon as it secures a foothold.

Poultry Pointers.
When hens lay thin-shelled eggs they are in need of lime. The roosts should be low, especially for large, heavy fowls. Build the house ten by ten feet for ten fowls, and the yard ten times larger. Ducklings are marketed at five pounds weight, which they attain in ten weeks. Placing an old cock bird in a run of cockerels will prevent the latter from fighting. Ten dozen eggs a year is the average estimate given as the production of the hen.

Thirteen eggs are considered a setting, though many breeders are now giving fifteen. Better for the wife to earn her pin money with poultry than to take in washing or sewing. In shipping live poultry it is poor economy to ship the best with the poorest. Grade them. Don't forget to clean out the nests and put in new litter, for the lice are still with us. Better strew a handful of insect powder in the nest to help drive the enemy out. Attention to poultry pays on the farm, and during these times, when country produce is selling at such low prices, there is no product on the farm that brings cash so readily as poultry and eggs.

Aim for the Top.
As long as the highest prices are paid for the best, the most enterprising farmers will spare neither pains nor expense to produce the best, and if their neighbors do not exert themselves to keep up, they soon will find themselves in the background. Our farmers must keep abreast of the times. They must think; they must read; they must study; they must experiment; they must exert their minds to the fullest extent to drag out from mother earth her secrets of fertility. Let them do it and she will reward them with fertile fields and good crops in abundance, and they will enjoy the richest blessings of the most satisfying and noblest occupation on earth. The wide-awake farmer who has studied up agriculture can always live as good as any other professional man, very often much better. For pure and fresh fruits, vegetables, butter, eggs and meat there is no one to compete with the farmer.—Practical Farmer.

Teach Boys How to Farm.
To make farm life a success and desirable, the farmer must teach his boys and girls that there is no other profession within the bounds of civilization as independent, honorable and ennobling as life on the farm. This growing practice of sending our boys to school to be educated for some other profession is making all our farm boys anxious to leave the old homestead and crowd into the cities; where every profession is overdone, and trickery the only door left open to the educated boy. It is not enough to teach boys how to farm; the foundation of success is in teaching them contentment on the farm.

Horticultural Hints.
Cut out the raspberry canes that have borne fruit this year. So long as the pear pulls hard in taking off, it is not thoroughly ripe. Cuttings of currant or gooseberry plants may be made this month.

Judge Emery, of Kansas, says "irrigation will double the life and product of any orchard."

Market gardening is a profitable business if the market is near. But it is a laborious business.

Celery should not be banked up, until within five or six weeks of the time when it is wanted for use.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

Slumber Song.
Slumber, slumber, little one, now
The bird is asleep in his nest on the bough;
The bird is asleep, he has folded his wings;
And over him softly the dream-fairy sings:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, soon
The fairy will come in the ship of the moon;
The fairy will come with the pearls and the stars,
And dreams will come singing through shadowy bars:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So lullaby!

Slumber, slumber, little one, so;
The stars are the pearls that the dream-fairies know,
The stars are the pearls, and the bird in the nest,
A dear little fellow the fairies love best:
Lullaby, lullaby—lullaby!
Pearls in the deep—
Stars in the sky,
Dreams in our sleep;
So lullaby!

The Baby's Exploit.
He was a boy. Not large, as small boys go, but it was a long time since he had been a baby. "Years and years," he would have said to himself—in fact, it was so long ago that he couldn't remember anything about it. He had no recollection of being carried about in long clothes, and it would never have occurred to him that there was a time when he could not trot around upon his sturdy little legs. A baby came into the family. At first the queer little thing could not get around alone at all. Then it began to sit on the floor and creep around in a peculiar fashion of its own. That was evidently the way babies solved the question of locomotion, the small boy thought, though he did not put it into so many words. It was something as the puppies and kittens ran around, only not quite as satisfactory. But one day there came a surprise for the small boy. The baby had pulled itself up and stood by a chair. The small boy gazed in amazement. Then he found his voice: "Oh, mamma, mamma," he called, "the baby's standing on its hind legs."

Don't Be Lazy.
A gentleman who employed a large number of men in his business, and who had influence to secure positions elsewhere, received a letter from a boy asking him to find him an easy berth. To this letter the gentleman sent the following reply: "You cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops, and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither be a soldier nor a sailor. Don't work; don't study; don't think. None of these are easy. O, my son, you have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave."

The truth of the matter was that the boy was lazy. He was like a man we know of who is out of work. He has a family of little children, who need shoes, clothes, and healthy food. Who provides these articles? The father? No, indeed. He loafers around while the mother goes out to sew, or do housework for the neighbors; in fact, she is willing to do anything by which she can earn an honest penny. The father says he is waiting for a certain man "to find him a nice easy job." The trouble is, he is naturally lazy, and beer-drinking has made him more so.

A Boy with a Kink.
All the neighbors say that Ran Hughtitt has a kink in his head. They all like him, too, only no one ever feels certain what odd prank he will play next.

Ran, or Ransome, according to the family Bible, lives with his father on a market garden near Evanston. Most



TWO OF RAN'S KINKS.

of the year he has to work pretty hard, but this does not interfere with his having a good deal of fun in a quiet way. No doubt he would like to rig up a sailboat or play baseball, but not having the opportunity to enjoy either of these sports, he makes friends with the squashes and cucumbers in his father's garden.

Take a walk with him some afternoon, and he will show you some very odd things. One of these is his bottled

cucumber. This suggests a pickle bottle, gayly labeled and sealed with red wax. But Ran's cucumber is an entirely different affair. It is a full-size, living cucumber, and it has grown inside of a bottle until it is almost bottle shape, and it could not possibly be removed without breaking the glass.

When the cucumber was small Ran thrust it into the narrow neck of a bottle, and there, safe from insects, it has grown until it has attained unusual size. Next fall Ran proposes to exhibit his bottle-shaped cucumber at the fair. He thinks it will be the oddest vegetable displayed.

Another bottle experiment which he has tried has not turned out so well. He inclosed a young apple in an old ink bottle, tying the bottle to the limb above. The apple grew larger and larger in spite of its close quarters, and Ran was certain that he was going to have a bottle-apple to go with his bottle cucumber. But the apple refused to be thus restricted, and one day when Ran wasn't looking it burst the ink bottle in two and began to grow out through the crack. An ink bottle may be pretty strong and an apple rather soft, but the glass could not withstand the steady pressure of the growing fruit.

But Ran has still other kinks. One day not long ago Ran's father brought a big watermelon to the house and Mrs. Hughtitt cut it in two. It looked as red and juicy and luscious as any melon, and big slices of it were passed around. Little Nance Hughtitt was the first to bite into the rich fruit. She snatched her lips and blinked her eyes.

"This melon is vanilla flavored," she said, suddenly.

Mrs. Hughtitt, who had just eaten a bit of the watermelon, tasted the vanilla plainly.

"Ran," said Mr. Hughtitt, severely, for he knew in a moment who was to blame, "what's the meaning of this?" Ran hung his head and explained. He had tapped the melon a few days before and poured a little of his mother's flavoring extract into it, and he admitted that he was lemon-flavored melons as well as vanilla melons. Ran's father said, "Next time, my son, in such a voice that Ran will never favor any more melons, although he says he likes them better that way."

SERVANT GIRLS IN LONDON.

They Have Their Grievances the Same as in This Land of the Free.

It is probable that London servant girls of fair intelligence will not long consent to spend their days in cellar chambers and their nights in such inhuman attics as we have described; nor yet remain without an opportunity for business-like improvement, owing to the incapacity of mistresses to teach them. Women of the middle class who need domestic help had better, therefore, become wise in time; and, first, they should reduce the style of their establishments and raise their character. The present state of things is evil and absurd; it tends to make the public in their sections mutually contemptuous instead of universally respectful, and it thus becomes a means and cause of social degradation. The outcry of our Londoners about bad trade is often a result of feebleness and want of clear discernment. There is, in fact, excess of trade in unproductive vanities, diverting capital from reproductive work, and people in the main are living much above a prudent scale of outlay. A few save their money and invest it; but the majority seek merely to appear perhaps a quarter richer than they actually are, and thus they make themselves at once ridiculous and impoverished.

Were they to rid themselves of half their foolish furniture and duly scrub their floors they might live decently without dependence upon ill-conditioned servant girls, and might also multiply deposits at the bank. What we have now declared is no new thing, no first discovery. Some forty years ago a London preacher found it needful to exhort his congregation to a general abatement of their annual expenditure and style of living. The advice, like much advice of value, firmly given, without vanity, was taken in good part, and the result was good. Why cannot other ministers in London do the same? Economy in habit of life, in family and personal expenditure, is the foundation of a multitude of virtues, and especially of individual self-respect and of financial liberality.—Quarterly Review.

Bottling the Breath.
Mountain climbers will be interested to read of the successful experiments of Dr. Berson of Stassfurt, who, by means of "bottled breath," has been enabled to ascend to great heights, both on land and in balloon. The doctor, when endeavoring to get further above the level of the sea than anyone else has ever climbed or flown, carries along a cylinder of compressed oxygen, fitted with a tube for breathing. Whenever he experiences discomfort on account of the rarity of the atmosphere a few whiffs from the cylinder suffice to restore him. Dr. Berson, by means of this device, recently ascended to an altitude of 31,300 feet, which is 2,000 feet higher than the summit of Mount Everest.

Awkward.
Colonel—That stupid servant of mine put some gunpowder in the fire last night and was blown clean through the roof.

Brown—That must be rather awkward for you.

Colonel—Yes, hang it; he's the third who has left without giving notice.—Exchange.

Half the newspapers are so carelessly proof read that the word "Hobrat" is becoming familiar enough to seem proper.

There is something in being old, after all; old people know there is no fun in going to picnics.

A SINGULAR FORM OF MONOMANIA

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in doing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

Wiggle—Are you for silver or for gold? Wiggle—I'm out for greenbacks just at present. Lend me \$10, will you?

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ills.

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and beneficial as spring medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs and prevalence of fevers and other diseases. Danger may be avoided by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills assist Digestion and cure Constipation. 25 cents.

Cancer Of the Face.

Mrs. Laura E. Mims, of Smithville, Ga., says: "A small pimple on a strawberry color appeared on my cheek; it soon began to grow rapidly, notwithstanding all efforts to check it. My eye became terribly inflamed, and was so swollen that for quite a while I could not see. The doctors said I had Cancer of the most malignant type, and after exhausting their efforts without doing me any good, they gave up the case as hopeless. When informed that my father had died from the same disease, they said I must die, as hereditary Cancer was incurable."

"At this crisis, I was advised to try S.S.S., and in a short while the Cancer began to discharge and continued to do so for three months, then it began to heal. I continued the medicine a while longer until the Cancer disappeared entirely. This was several years ago and there has been no return of the disease."

A Real Blood Remedy.

Cancer is a blood disease, and only a blood remedy will cure it. S. S. S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to permanently cure Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism or any other disease of the blood. Send for our books on Cancer and Blood Diseases, mailed free to any address. Swift Specific Co. Atlanta, Ga.

SSS

Is this what ails you?

Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching—Vomiting—Water-brash—Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart—Due to Indigestion of Stomach—Cranked Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhea?

DYSPEPSIA

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

Hcker's Dyspepsia Tablets.

by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents. CHARLES HCKER, Hotel Imperial, New York. Says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Hcker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me." ACKER MEDICINE CO., 10 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

Attend Stiehl's the best and most economical Market St., San Francisco. Write for "Free Book."

Aydelette's Business College, Oakland, Cal. Send for Circular and Specimens.

S. F. N. U. No. 746. New Series No. 41.

Featherbone Edge

S. H. & M. REGISTERED TRADE MARK. Ask for the next time that you buy a

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING.

The featherbone flares and stiffens—the bias velveteen wears as only an S. H. & M. can wear. Especially suited for silk or wool petticoats.

If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free. "Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new 72 page book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, tells in plain words how to make dresses at home without previous training; mailed for 25c. S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

The Sheriff of Siskyou.

By BRET HARTE.

[Copyright, 1894, by the Author.] CHAPTER I.

On the 15th of August, 1854, what seemed to be the entire population of Wynyard's Bar was collected upon a little bluff which overlooked the rude wagon road that was the only approach to the settlement. In general appearance the men differed but little from ordinary miners, although the foreign element—shown in certain Spanish peculiarities of dress and color—predominated, and some of the men were further distinguished by the delicacy of education and sedentary pursuits. Yet Wynyard's Bar was a city of refuge and comprised among its inhabitants a number who were "wanted" by the state authorities, and its actual attitude at that moment was one of open rebellion against the legal power and of particular resistance to the apprehension by warrant of one of its prominent members. This gentleman, Major Overstone, then astride of a gray mustang and directing the movements of the crowd, had a few days before killed the sheriff of Siskyou county, who had attempted to arrest him for the double offense of misappropriating certain corporate funds of the state and the shooting of the editor who had imprudently exposed him. The lesser crime of homicide might have been overlooked by the authorities, but its repetition upon the body of their own overzealous and misguided official could not pass unchallenged if they expected to arrest Overstone for the more serious offense against property. So it was known that a new sheriff had been appointed and was coming to Wynyard's Bar with an armed posse. But it was also understood that this invasion would be resisted by the Bar to its last man.

All eyes were turned upon a fringe of laurel and butternut that encroached upon the road half a mile away, where it seemed that such of the inhabitants as were missing from the bluff were hidden to give warning or retard the approach of the posse. A gray haze slowly rising between the fringe and the distant hillside was recognized as the dust of a cavalcade passing along the invisible highway. In the hush of expectancy that followed the irregular clatter of hoofs, the sharp crack of a rifle and a sudden halt were faintly audible. The men, scattered in groups on the bluff, exchanged a smile of grim satisfaction.

Not so their leader. A quick start and an oath attracted attention to him. To their surprise, he was looking in another direction, but as they looked, too, they saw and understood the cause. A file of horsemen, hitherto undetected, were slowly passing along the little ridge on their right. Their compact accoutrements and the yellow braid on their blue jackets, distinctly seen at that distance, showed them to be an escort of United States cavalry.

Before the assemblage could realize this new invasion a nearer clatter of hoofs was heard along the highroad, and one of the ambuscading party dashed up from the fringe of woods below. His face was flushed, but triumphant. "A reg'lar skunk," by the living hokey!" he panted, pointing to the faint haze that was again slowly rising above the invisible road. "They backed down as soon as they saw our hand and got a hole through their new sheriff's hat. But what are you lookin' at? What's up?"

The leader impatiently pointed with a darkening face to the file.

"Reg'lars, by gum!" ejaculated the other. "But Uncle Sam ain't in this game! Wot right have they?"

"Dry up!" said the leader.

The escort was now moving at right angles with the camp, but suddenly halted, almost doubling upon itself in some evident commotion. A dismounted figure was seen momentarily flying down the hillside, dodging from bush to bush until lost in the underbrush. A dozen shots were fired over its head, and then the whole escort wheeled and came clattering down the trail in the direction of the camp. A single riderless horse, evidently that of the fugitive, followed.

"Spread yourselves along the ridge, every man of you, and cover them as they enter the gulch!" shouted the leader. "But not a shot until I give the word. Scatter!"

The assemblage dispersed like a startled village of prairie dogs, squatting behind every available bush and rock



"One moment more," said Overstone, coming forward.

along the line of bluff. The leader alone trotted quietly to the head of the gulch. The nine cavalymen came smartly up in twos, a young officer leading. The single figure of Major Overstone opposed them with a command to halt. Looking up, the young officer drew rein, said a word to his file leader, and the four files closed in a compact square, motionless, on the road. The young officer's unsworded hand hung quietly at his thigh. The men's unsung carbines rested easily on their saddles. Yet at that moment every man of them knew that they were covered by a hundred rifles and shotguns leveled from every

bush, and that they were caught helplessly in a trap.

"Since when," said Major Overstone, with an affectation of tone and manner different from that in which he had addressed his previous companions, "have the Ninth United States cavalry helped to serve a state court's pettifoggery process?"

"We are hunting a deserter—a half breed agent—who has just escaped us," returned the officer. His voice was boyish. So, too, was his figure in its slim, cadetlike smartness of belted tunic, but very quiet and level, although his face was still flushed with the shock and shame of his surprise.

The relaxation of relief went through the wrought and waiting camp. The soldiers were not seeking them. Ready as these desperate men had been to do their leader's bidding, they were well aware that a momentary victory over the troopers would not pass unpunished and meant the ultimate dispersion of the camp, and quiet as these innocent invaders seemed to be they would not doubt sell their lives dearly. The embattled desperadoes glanced anxiously at their leader. The soldiers, on the contrary, looked straight before them.

"Process or no process," said Major Overstone, with a sneer, "you've come to the last place to recover your deserts. We don't give up men in Wynyard's Bar. And they didn't teach you at the academy, sir, to stop to take prisoners when you were outflanked and outnumbered."

"Bedad, they didn't teach you, Captain Overstone, to engage a battery at Cerro Gordo with a half company, but you did it. More shame to you now, sir, commandin' the thaves and ruffians you do."

"Silence!" said the young officer. The sleeve of the sergeant who had spoken—with the chevrons of long service upon it—went up to a salute and dropped again over his carbine as he stared stolidly before him. But his shot had told. A flush of mingled pride and shame passed over Overstone's face.

"Oh, it's you, Murphy!" he said, with an affected laugh, "and you haven't improved in discipline with your stripes."

The young officer turned his head slightly.

"Attention!"

"One moment more," said Overstone, coming forward. "I have told you that we don't give up any man who seeks our protection. But," he added, with a half careless, half contemptuous wave of his hand and a significant glance at his followers, "we don't prevent you from seeking him. The road is clear. The camp is before you."

The young officer continued without looking at him: "Forward—in two files—open order. Ma-ah!"

The little troop moved forward, passed Major Overstone at the head of the gully and spread out on the hillside. The assembled camp, still armed, lounging out of ambush here and there, ironically made way for them to pass. A few moments of this farcical quest and a glance at the impenetrably wooded heights around apparently satisfied the young officer, and he turned his files again into the gully. Major Overstone was still lingering there.

"I hope you are satisfied," he said grimly. He then paused and in a changed and more hesitating voice added, "I am an older soldier than you, sir, but I am always glad to make the acquaintance of West Point." He paused and held out his hand.

West Point, still red and rigid, glanced at him with bright, clear eyes under light lashes and the peak of a smartly cocked cap, looked coolly at the proffered hand, raised his own to a stiff salute, said, "Good afternoon, sir," and rode away.

Major Overstone wheeled angrily, but in doing so came sharply upon his coadjutor, the leader of the ambushed party.

"Well, Dawson," he said impatiently, "who was it?"

"Only one of them d—d half breed Injin agents. He's just over there in the brush with Simpson, lying low till the soldiers clear out."

"Did you talk to him?"

"Not much!" returned Dawson scornfully. "He ain't my style."

"Fetch him up to my cabin. He may be of some use to us."

Dawson looked skeptical. "I reckon he ain't no more gain here than he is over there," he said and turned away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dead as a Doornail.

"As dead as a doornail" at first seems utterly senseless, but becomes lively and picturesque when we remember that knockers were once universally used. Beneath the knocker, in order to prevent disfiguring the door, a large nail or bolt was driven. An impatient caller, waiting for the door to be opened, would frequently use the knocker with great force, and the irresponsiveness of the nail gave rise to this expression.

The Hungarian Crown.

The Hungarian crown, the royal headress worn at their accession by all the Austrian emperors, is the identical one made for Stephen and used by him at the time of his coronation, more than 800 years ago. It is of pure gold and weighs 9 marks and 6 ounces (about 14 pounds avoirdupois). It is adorned with 53 sapphires, 50 rubies, 1 emerald and 333 pearls, but no diamonds, it being a notion of the royal Stephen that diamonds were unlucky.

School Committee Women.

The Kennebec Journal of Augusta, Me., testifies to the efficiency of school committee women as follows: "It is said that there are over 80 women serving on the school boards, but we have yet to hear that one of them is remiss in her official duties."

Most Likely.

Hurst—Wilkins says that he does not desire wealth for itself.

Worst—No, but I guess he desires it for himself.—Vanity.

A Disappointed Life.

WHY RICHARD CAYFORD LEFT THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

A Story in Which There Seems a Tinge of Fate—Mrs. Cayford Stricken With Paralysis, and Yet She Has Been Cured—The Residents of the Mission District Look Upon It as a Miracle.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Residents of the Mission District of San Francisco have for months been marveling over the peculiar case of Mrs. Anna Cayford, the wife of Richard Cayford, who resides at 313 Seventeenth Street. Several years ago Mr. and Mrs. Cayford took up their residence in the Hawaiian Islands, where Mr. Cayford, who is by trade a blacksmith, applied himself diligently at his occupation, until at length he had, by reason of his hard work and frugality, placed himself and family upon a fair way to prosperity. He had begun to look forward to the enjoyment of a quiet, happy life upon the beautiful islands of the Pacific, and in his fancy had built for himself and his family a comfortable little home, nestled snugly among the deep and fragrant foliage of that distant land. His wife shared with him in the contemplation of the happiness that the future apparently had in store for them. She had arrived at the age at which rest and contentment count for so much in a woman's life, when she was suddenly stricken with nervous prostration. Her condition became very serious, and her physician advised her that she must leave the Islands if she wished to regain her health. Acting upon this advice, Mr. Cayford disposed of his business and removed to San Francisco. Mrs. Cayford improved slightly with the change of climate until July, 1893, when she was stricken by paralysis of the left arm and leg, and was entirely deprived of the use of those limbs, having to be carried about the house by her husband for a period of two months. She was treated for some time by a physician, but he was able only partly to relieve her. She was able to drag herself about the house, but there was no strength in either of the affected limbs.

It was while she was in this condition that she noticed in a paper the advertisement of Williams' Pink Pills. She determined to get a box of them and try them, thinking, as she said, that at least she could not be injured by them. Mrs. Cayford tells of the relief she experienced from the time she began taking the pills, and her story is told in such a plain, straightforward manner that it is given in her own words: "When I first began taking Williams' Pink Pills," said Mrs. Cayford, "I had absolutely no strength in either limb of the left side of my body. The treatment of my physician had partly relieved the paralysis, but after he had applied all his remedies I was still in practically a helpless condition. Before I had taken one full box of the pills I began to feel a return of strength in the limbs that had been so long useless. Feeling reassured by the first effect of the pills upon me, I purchased a second box, and continued to take them until I had used six boxes, when the last trace of paralysis had left my body and I had regained the full use of my limbs. You cannot imagine how delighted I was when I felt that my old-time activity was returning. It reminded me of the days when I was so strong and healthy at my island home. I do not know what stronger testimony I could give as to the merit of Williams' Pink Pills than to say that they have restored me to such a degree of strength that I now do all my own work without the least inconvenience, which is as much as I ever did before I was stricken with paralysis. But that is not all. I almost forgot to say how the pills have relieved me of a certain hesitancy in speech, which has troubled me for years. My tongue used to become 'thick,' and I would lip most dreadfully and could not help myself. I noticed that after I began taking the pills I could talk more easily, and finally I was entirely relieved of the lisp that affected my speech. I have taken the trouble to recommend the pills to an old lady who is afflicted with paralysis. I have not seen her since she began taking them, but her husband told me, just the other day, that she had been greatly benefited by them."

Mrs. Cayford's friends are amazed at her sudden recovery from such a severe paralytic stroke, and stand in wonderment while she repeats the story of her suffering and her cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form), by the dozen or hundred at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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You will find one coupon inside each 2-ounce bag, and two coupons inside each 4-ounce bag. Buy a bag, read the coupon and see how to get your share.

The Best Smoking Tobacco Made

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If "La Belle Chocolatiere" isn't on the can, it isn't Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1896.



**Patriotism, Protection
—AND—
Prosperity.**

FOR PRESIDENT,
WILLIAM MCKINLEY,
—OF OHIO.—
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
GARRETT A. HOBART,
—OF NEW JERSEY.—
Election, November 3, 1896.

**"The Republican
Party stands for honest
money and the chance to
earn it."—William McKinley.**

ABOUT THOSE ANSWERS TO "FACTS FOR VOTERS."

The "answers" of a correspondent to
our "Facts for Voters," which appear
upon another page of this paper, con-
tain inaccuracies of statement and
erroneous inferences deserving notice,
and which we will endeavor to briefly
point out.

First. Wages did not advance 100
per cent during the war. According
to the statistics of Edward Atkinson,
compiled from Sauerbeck's tables, the
increase of wages from 1860 to 1865
was 43 per cent; nor did wages decline
between 1865 and 1870. Whatever
variations occurred in the wage scale,
during the period from 1860 to 1890,
the fact remains that during said thirty
years, under a protective tariff, the
wages of workmen in the United
States increased more than 50 per cent.
To be exact, and following Sauerbeck's
tables, wages increased 58 per cent,
and the purchasing power of wages
increased 72 per cent.

With regard to the assertion (re-
sorted to by free silver men to account
for the fact that wages have not fol-
lowed silver in its downward slump),
that "wages are held up at present
only by cohesion of labor organiza-
tions," we remark, that while we re-
cognize the value of such organiza-
tions, and the part they have played
in preserving the wage scale from
utter wreck in times like the present,
the fact, nevertheless, remains that,
notwithstanding the power of such
organizations, the wage scale has de-
clined since 1892. In other words, the
decline in wages began when protec-
tion ceased.

Second. In our fact No. 2 we at-
tribute the enormous increase of capi-
tal invested in manufacturing indus-
tries, from 1880 to 1890, to the effects
of a protective tariff.

In answer correspondent says:
"During the period named, we were
coining silver at the ratio of two mil-
lion ounces per month. We were
under a protective tariff previous to
1880. Why was there not a corres-
ponding increase then?" Meaning
evidently that the increase in manu-
facturing capital referred to, was
caused by the coining of silver.

To this we reply: There was a very
large increase of capital engaged in
manufactures in the United States
from 1870 to 1890, and that such in-
crease was not as great proportionately
as in the next decade, was due first,
to the fact that confidence in the finan-
cial soundness of this country was not
fully restored until the first definite
steps were taken for the resumption of
specie payments in 1875; and, second,
to the reduction of duties under the
tariff act of 1872, which remained in
force for two years, and until the

Amendatory Act of 1874 was passed.
Again, if the increase of wages and
the increase of capital invested in
manufactures from 1880 to 1890 was
due to the coining of twenty-four mil-
lion ounces of silver per annum, why
was it that silver itself did not share
in this prosperity? Why was it that
while manufacturing capital was in-
creasing and wages rising, the price of
silver was falling? And, why was it
that the price of silver continued to fall
from 1890 to 1893, during which time,
instead of twenty-four millions, fifty-
four million ounces of silver were
coined annually?

Third. We attributed the reduction
of the National debt, in the vast ag-
gregate sum of one thousand million
dollars, from 1880 to 1890, to a protec-
tive tariff. To this correspondent an-
swers: "From 1873 to 1879, we in-
creased our public debt very much.
During this time we were not coining
any silver; from 1880 to 1890 we were
coining silver. From the above is it
not more reasonable to attribute the
gain to silver?"

The statement that the public debt
was increased from 1873 to 1879 is
error. There was, it is true, a large
issue of bonds under the acts of 1870
and 1871, but these bonds were issued
for the purpose of refunding the debt
at lower rate of interest. And, again,
under the Resumption Act of January
14, 1875, bonds were sold for gold, and
the gold placed in the Treasury as a
redemption fund, amounting to one
hundred million dollars, which fund
is known now as the gold reserve.

The fact that the debt reduction re-
ferred to was made and could be made
only from the surplus revenues of the
Government, derived mainly from
duties on imports, indicates the tariff
as the source and cause of such reduc-
tion.

Fourth. The average tariff rates,
established in 1874, were lowered by
the Act of 1883, and a further reduc-
tion, taking the average of rates, was
made by the McKinley law. Corres-
pondent is, therefore, mistaken in say-
ing the present tariff is a higher one
than we ever had, except the McKinley
bill; but, whether high or low, the
present Act has failed to either produce
revenue sufficient for the needs of the
Government, or to protect the indus-
tries of the country.

Fifth. Correspondent evades the
point in "Fact No. 5," viz., that the
financial depression which culminated
in the panic of 1873, manifested itself
in 1872, at which latter time there
was no restriction upon the coining of
silver; and, further, that immediately
after the so-called demonetization of
silver, the panic subsided and confi-
dence was gradually restored.

These facts are not cited to show,
nor do we hold, that the coining Act
of 1873, had anything to do with the
financial conditions existing imme-
diately preceding or following the
passage of said Act, but they do show,
and we think show conclusively, that
the era of prosperity enjoyed by the
country at the time in question, was
due mainly to the effects of protection
to American industries. The finan-
cial troubles of 1872 to 1874, were due
in a large measure, to the same class
of men who are now advocating free
silver; that is to say, to men who are
inflationists pure and simple; to the
class who formed the head and front
of the "greenback craze" then, as the
same class constitutes the main body
of the silver crusade today.

The passage of the Resumption Act
in January, 1875, dissipated all doubts
and distrust with regard to our finan-
cial soundness, and was the real be-
ginning of the era of prosperity, which
commenced to flow in full tide with
resumption in 1879.

Sixth. The large coining of silver
dollars, under Republican auspices,
shows the Republican party the friend
of the white metal as well as favorable
to real bimetalism.

As to the cause of prosperity, during
the period of said coining, correspond-
ent asks: "If the tariff, why are we
not prosperous now?"

The reason is now apparent that it
seems unnecessary to have to point
out the fact; that it is because in the
present tariff, framed and passed by a
party who regard protection as vicious
and unconstitutional, the principle of
protection was, as far as possible, elim-
inated.

Seventh. To the first subdivision of
"Fact No. 7," correspondent answers:
"Error. India, China and Russia
have more gold than any gold country
except France."

The following statistics, taken from
United States Treasury Department
Circular, No. 123, of date of July 1,
1896, disposes of correspondent's rather
wild assertion. We give the stock of
gold, in round numbers, in the four
leading commercial and gold standard

nations of the world, together with
Russia, which is as follows: France,
\$850,000,000; Germany, 625,000,000;
United States, \$600,000,000; United
Kingdom, \$580,000,000; Russia, \$480,-
000,000.

The only country of three named by
correspondent, that has any stock of
gold whatever, is Russia. The stock
of the latter country has been pur-
chased and hoarded, presumably, with
the view of placing her monetary sys-
tem upon a gold basis.

2d. We suggest to correspondent
that use of silver in gold standard
countries shows, rather, that it is not
the disposition of the gold standard
countries to destroy silver as a money
metal.

3d. It is not a fact that silver
standard countries use gold to purchase
from gold countries, ordinarily—they
settle balances in gold, and this gold
is purchased for the purpose. This is
necessarily so, for the reason they do
not use gold, nor does it circulate
among their people.

4th. We were not using an argu-
ment, but stating a fact, under this
subdivision. Correspondent surely
cannot class Mexico as an Eastern
country.

5th. We refer to the average wages,
including all classes, whether dark,
fair, yellow, or white, whether peon
or free.

It matters not what the alleged in-
crease of wages has been in the coun-
tries named (which has been greatly
exaggerated), we refer to the present
scale of wages in silver standard coun-
tries.

It does make a difference in Mexico
whether the wages are paid in Mexican
coin or in coin of the United States, a
difference of about one-half. The
workman in the silver standard coun-
tries uses all his wages because the rate
is so low it is impossible to save a
portion.

BRAN'S NEW GERMAN ALLY.

Prince Bismarck, the famous Ger-
man statesman, has, it appears, re-
cently declared that universal bimetal-
lism is desirable; that the way to reach
it is through international agreement,
and, that, in his opinion, the success
of Mr. Bryan and independent action
by the United States in favor of the
free coining of silver, would tend to
bring about such an agreement.

Mr. Bryan has been repeating Bis-
marck's utterances in all his speeches
of late and evidently regards it as a
trump card.

Whether the wily German diplomat
is, or is not, in favor of free silver, he
doubtless desires the success of Mr.
Bryan.

Bismarck is for the fatherland first,
last and all the time, and sees in
Bryan's free trade proclivities a chance
to benefit the German sugar beet busi-
ness, as well as a number of other Ger-
man industries.

Bismarck helped give Germany the
gold standard, and while he may have
changed his views, there is room for
doubt in that regard. It is much more
likely that he has his diplomatic Ger-
man eye fixed on free trade rather than
free silver.

There may also be other reasons why
the famous German desires Bryan's
success. Bismarck is a firm advocate
of autocratic institutions and the foe of
free government in any form. In the
success of that portion of the Bryan-
Altgeld-Tillman platform, which as-
saults the National judiciary and the
supremacy of National authority, the
man of blood and iron may see the
seeds of disintegration and promise of
the final destruction of popular gov-
ernment in the only land where it
really is formidable.

Bismarck takes a great interest in
our country all of a sudden. One
would think that if free coining of
silver was such a grand, good thing,
that he would have been making some
kind of an endeavor to have Germany
adopt it. But we have never heard
of his making any effort in that di-
rection, and the probabilities are that if a
cathode ray could be turned on his
mind, there would be found a motive
labeled: "Silver America! Fruit for
Germany!"

The Popocrats have just found out
that their defeat in Vermont was
caused by the fact that the free silver
men in that State stood on a golden
platform.

All right, gentlemen! Granting your
excuse a good one, how will you ac-
count for the cyclone in Maine, where
your people forced the gold Democrat
off, and put a free silver Popocrat on
the head of your ticket?

The heavy sitters should have shal-
low nest boxes and rather flat nests,
otherwise there will be many broken
eggs.

F. A. HORNELOWER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office—Odd Fellows' Building.
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Offers his professional services to the
residents of Baden and vicinity, and can
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DAY of each week, commencing May 31st.
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of Work on Harness and Saddles Done
Promptly and at Reasonable Rates.

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Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand
and Gravel for Concrete.

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Turn a deaf ear to the peddler.
Subscribe for your home paper.
Patronize all home institutions.
Only one month more of politics.
Personal mention in this column.
Hearken not unto the order agent.
A little city farming is a good thing.
Cow, and buggy, for sale by Billy Neff.
People's Store for notions and novelties.
Mrs. Cohen has planted a nice garden.
Second-hand cart wanted; inquire at Enterprise office.
Ninety-three children are enrolled in our public school.
Delinquent water tenants will find their water turned off today.
Big stock groceries and merchandise; low prices at Eikerenkotter's.
Hon. Jacob Bryan paid the people of our town a visit on Wednesday last.
Mr. J. L. Wood was in the city yesterday arranging for his new lumber yard.
Mrs. W. S. Taylor is visiting her daughter, at Coyote, Santa Clara county.
Mrs. R. K. Patchell and Miss Fannie Smith spent last Sunday in Oakland visiting friends.
Mrs. Julius Eikerenkotter and children and Miss Florence Glennon spent last Saturday in Golden Gate Park.
G. L. Smith has been busy the last few nights running the Company's water works pump.
The Baden Brick Works are moving along smoothly and steadily, turning out first-class bricks in large quantities.
Mrs. John Lee and daughter drove up from San Mateo to see Mr. Maggs on business Tuesday last and took lunch.
The Government Hydrographic Engineers have erected several signal stations on Sierra and San Bruno Points.
Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Herbst have removed from Van Ness avenue to Guerrero street, near Valencia street station.
Miss Sadie Tennen, Miss May Hammond and Miss Sophie Suter, of San Francisco, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Quan, Sunday last.
Inspector I. R. Goodspeed of the San Mateo County Board of Health, has been a close attendant this week at the Dairymen's Convention in the city.
Mrs. Thomas Ahkman and her daughter, Miss Aggie, in company with Miss Smith, all of San Francisco, paid Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Neff a visit this week.
Many of the school boys have been busy during the past week after school hours gathering eucalyptus seed, for which Land Agent Martin pays twenty-five cents per sack.
Mrs. George R. Sneath was the recipient of a handsome present this week in the shape of a phaeton from her husband in honor of the first anniversary of their marriage.
Mr. C. F. Crouse, well known among our pioneers as "Chief" Crouse, has returned from his six-months' visit in the East. Mr. Crouse reports everything strong for McKinley.
The Auxiliary Sound Money League, of this place is in receipt of a large quantity of literature on the money question from the sound money league headquarters, San Francisco. This literature is for public distribution. Any one desiring a supply can obtain same by calling on E. E. Cunningham, secretary of the Auxiliary League.
Mrs. Culbertson, principal of the Chinese Mission, San Francisco, recently paid a visit to the Chinese flower gardeners at the ranch. Charley Luey had been apprised of her intended visit and for several days he and his co-workers were busily engaged in preparing a feast in honor of her visit. The banquet, for it was such in every sense of the word, was greatly appreciated by the lady, and showed plainer than words can tell the high esteem in which this worthy lady is held by her Chinese friends.
Architect H. B. Maggs reports that the new residence of C. M. Morse, at San Mateo, opposite St. Margaret's school, of which Rev. George Wallace is principal, was completed last week by Robert Wisnom, and is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Morse. Mr. Maggs also reports that he has completed plans and specifications for alterations and additions to the private residence of Mr. John Lee, at San Mateo, and that during this week he has been receiving bids for the work; all trades to be consolidated and the work let as a whole.
Word was received yesterday from Rev. George Wallace to the effect that the American Church Building Fund Commission of New York, had made a gift to the Baden Church of \$100. Before this gift, however, becomes operative, the full amount necessary to complete the church building free from debt must be actually subscribed and in hand. Two hundred dollars are yet required to complete the church building and a special effort will now be made by the Collection Committee to raise this balance. One member reports \$10 subscribed this morning, leaving \$190 required. Let every one who can, come forward in this good work and we will have our church free from debt.
Sixty Stanford professors have declared themselves in favor of McKinley while Bryan's supporters number but five. Four years ago considerably more than half the faculty were supporting Cleveland.—Palo Alto Times.

REPUBLICAN MASS MEETING.

Eloquent and Instructive Speech by Col. T. V. Eddy.
Another enthusiastic meeting was held under the auspices of the Baden Republican Club, at Hansbrough Hall, on Wednesday evening last.
The hall was well filled, a goodly number of ladies being noticeable in the audience.
W. J. Martin, Esq., president of the Sound Money League, presided, and introduced the several speakers, with the grace and ease characteristic of our esteemed and popular fellow townsman.
Hon. Joseph J. Bullock was introduced to the assemblage and responded in a brief, but eloquent speech. He was frequently interrupted by applause.
Hon. Jas. T. O'Keefe was next introduced. After a few general remarks on the various campaign issues, Mr. O'Keefe addressed himself to urging support of the local candidates. Mr. O'Keefe's remarks were forcible and to the point, and elicited much interest and applause.
Mr. S. G. Goodhue, candidate for the Assembly, was then introduced, and responded in a few well chosen words, outlining the work he desired to accomplish in the Legislature, if elected. Mr. Goodhue made a fine impression on his hearers. The Chair then announced that owing to the severe illness of Howard Tilton he was unable to be present.
President Martin then introduced Col. T. V. Eddy, characterizing him as an old campaigner and a Republican stalwart, politically, mentally, and physically, which compliment the Colonel soon demonstrated was not an exaggeration in any particular.
Of massive build, and with a voice of wonderful depth and power, Col. Eddy is gifted by nature with the weapons that irresistibly emphasized and clinched the splendid points he made. For over two hours he held the audience in closest sympathy with all he said, meeting with frequent and enthusiastic applause, and, at the end of his speech, was surrounded by many of his audience who desired to personally thank and congratulate him on his splendid address.
The speaker briefly outlined the burden of W. J. Bryan's many speeches and showed that he utterly ignored the question of protection, and confined himself strictly to the one issue, that of silver. "Inasmuch as silver is the stronghold of Mr. Bryan, and as he is firing all his great guns from this one bulwark, I propose to join issue with him on his own battle-ground and debate the question of silver from the standpoint Bryan has established." With great precision and with wonderful clearness the speaker then proceeded step by step, to utterly shatter the strongholds of the silver theory and to show the fallacious doctrine in a light so clear that not a man in the audience could help but acknowledge that he was right.
After exhausting the silver question and showing that silver had in nowise affected our prosperity, or in any manner in the past been responsible for any of the business blights and depressions that had affected this country up to date, the speaker asked the question: "What is it that has caused the terrible depression in business in our land; what is it that has closed our factories, shut up our avenues of employment, caused sturdy American workmen, honest and true, to go from place to place, begging from their fellow-men of the earth the miserable privilege of securing work enough that they might barely keep soul and body together? 'I will tell you; it is the wretched heresy of free trade.' (Cries of: "Give us protection and McKinley!") mingled with great applause.)
The speaker then wound up his address with a magnificent eulogy of the Republican party; its staunch principles and its great advance agent and standard-bearer, Wm. McKinley.
At the conclusion of his speech one of the audience arose and moved a vote of thanks to Col. Eddy for his instructive and splendid address, which was heartily concurred in by every one present. After three ringing cheers for McKinley and protection, the audience dispersed.
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.
The Board of Supervisors held a brief meeting Monday and passed an order fixing the assessment value of all railroad property lying in the county as follows:
Year 1896—Southern Pacific Railroad.
ROAD DISTRICTS.
First Road District, 1st Township, 11.50 miles, \$107,622.
Second Road District, 2d Township, eight miles, \$74,868.
Third Road District, 3d Township, 5.60 miles, \$52,407.
SCHOOL DISTRICTS.
Jefferson.....3.90 miles \$36,498
San Bruno.....3.94 miles 28,460
Millbrae.....4.56 miles 42,674
San Mateo.....4.25 miles 39,773
Belmont.....3.19 miles 29,836
Redwood City.....3.76 miles 35,198
Menlo Park.....2.40 miles 22,491
INCORPORATED CITIES AND TOWNS.
Town of Redwood City, 1.80 miles, \$16,845.
City of San Mateo, 2.47 miles, \$23,145.
San Francisco and San Mateo Railroad Co., year 1896.
First Road District, 1st Township, 4.828 miles, \$27,950.
Jefferson School District, 3.90 miles, \$22,577.
San Bruno School District, .928 mile, \$5,373.
On motion of Adair, the report of the arbitrators in the matter of the Alpine road and the road itself were accepted and the Clerk authorized to enter same on the road book of the county. The report showed that a

balance of \$3,015.37 was due P. J. Maloney.
The Board adjourned to Monday, October 5th at 10 a. m.
NON-PARTISAN COLUMN.
[From our Correspondents.]
AN ANSWER TO "FACTS FOR VOTERS."
Our recent article, entitled, "Facts for Voters," has called out a series of answers from a correspondent, which we take pleasure in laying before our readers. We give below fact and answer following the order in our original article:
FACTS FOR VOTERS.
Fact No. 1.—From 1860 to 1892, under a Republican protective tariff, the average wages of workmen in the United States increased more than 50 per cent.
Answer.—During the war wages advanced 100 per cent more, but declined again very much, and are held up at present only by the cohesion of labor organizations, which Hanna is on record as destroying when he possibly could.
Fact No. 2.—From 1880 to 1890, under a Republican protective tariff, the amount of capital invested in manufacturing industries in the United States was more than doubled.
Answer.—During the period given we were coining silver at the ratio of two millions ounces per month. We were under a protective tariff previous to 1880. Why was there not a corresponding increase then?
Fact No. 3.—From 1880 to 1890, under a Republican protective tariff, the National debt was reduced more than \$1,000,000,000, that is, to say, more than \$100,000,000 of the great war debt was paid off annually for a period of ten years.
Answer.—From 1873 to 1879, we, under a protective tariff, increased our public debt very much; during this time we were not coining any silver; from 1880 to 1890 we were coining silver. From the above, is it not more reasonable to attribute this gain to silver?
Fact No. 4.—There have been but two periods in the history of the United States when the Government has been obliged to borrow money during a time of profound peace; namely, in 1857 to 1861, under the Democratic Administration of James Buchanan, and in 1893 to 1896, under the Democratic Administration of Grover Cleveland.
Answer.—As to the cause of the necessity during 1857 to 1861 I am unacquainted, but if it is attributed to a low tariff, the force of the argument is lost as applied to 1893-6, for we now have a higher tariff than we ever had, except under the McKinley bill, and the present difference is only 7 per cent, yet our debt since 1893 has increased \$510,000,000; \$262,000,000 bonds, and \$200,000,000 surplus, used up.
Fact No. 5.—In 1873 the first signs of the financial depression, which resulted in the panic of 1873, manifested themselves. Immediately after the so-called demonetization of silver in 1873, the panic began to subside, confidence was gradually restored, and a great era of prosperity followed the decade from 1880 to 1890, being the most prosperous in the history of the United States.
Answer.—Confidence may have been restored, but prosperity did not come to this country till after the passage of the Bland-Allison Act in 1878, and we began to coin silver. This prosperity continued until the agitation for the repeal of the Sherman law began in 1891.
Fact No. 6.—From 1792 to 1873 there had been coined but 8,000,000 of full legal tender silver dollars, while there are now in the United States over 423,000,000 silver dollars, every one of which is full legal tender silver money as had been coined during the eighty-one years of so-called bimetalism, from 1792 to 1873.
Answer.—The above is an excellent argument in favor of bimetalism, but I object to your claiming the glory for the Republican party. During the time we coined this large amount of silver, we boomed ahead as you have shown, but falsely ascribe to the tariff. If the tariff, why are we not prosperous now?
Fact No. 7.—1st. "There is not a free-coinage country in the world today that is not on a silver basis."
2d. "There is not a gold-standard country in the world today that does not use silver as money along with gold."
3d. "There is not a silver-standard country in the world today that uses any gold as money along with silver."
4th. "There is not a silver-standard country in the world today that has more than one-third as much money in circulation per capita as the United States have."
5th. "There is not a silver-standard country in the world today where the laboring man receives fair pay for his day's work."
Answer.—1st Error. India, China and Russia have more gold than any gold country except France.
2d. This shows the necessity of the world for silver as a money.
3d. Error. All silver-standard countries use gold to purchase from gold countries.
4th. It is unfair to use this argument, as the requirements of Eastern countries for a circulating medium is not what it is here.
5th. Error again: 1st. You must not class the peon or low Indian labor in the same category with the whites.
2d. Native labor in India, Mexico, China and Japan has increased from 136 to 350 per cent since 1873, owing to the increased demand for labor made necessary by the demonetization of silver in Western countries.
3d. As shown in yesterday's Examiner—letter from Mexico—and by the report of the Republican Committee sent to Mexico to investigate; also by letter of Mr. Brown, Manager of Atlanta, Georgia Ry.; also by President Diaz, letter; skilled labor brings a much higher figure than it does in this country; and, as a workman uses his wages for living as he goes along, it is worth just as much to him.
Correspondent.
(For reply to above, read our editorial column in this issue. Ed.)

PRESS NOTES.

FAVOR GOOD ROADS.

Alameda County Learns How to Sprinkle at Slight Expense.
The annual meeting of the Good Roads Association of Alameda county was held at the Reliance Athletic Club rooms, at Oakland, last Wednesday night, and it pledged its hearty support to the Supervisory candidates who will announce themselves in sympathy with the good-roads movement, and promise, if elected, to use their best efforts to secure reforms proposed by the State Bureau of Highway Commissioners.
The annual election resulted in the selection of E. B. Jerome, president; Seth Mann, vice-president; J. D. Gallowsay, secretary. The executive committee, which has served so faithfully the past year, was unanimously re-elected.
The announcement was made of a discovery in road sprinkling. It was that sprinkling with a solution of chloride of calcium will make a crust which will not dry out, so that two or three sprinklings a month are as good as daily sprinklings with ordinary water.—Exchange.

FORGERY OF FIGURES.

Bolstering the Free Silver Raid With Bogus Statistics.

A man who changes figures is a forger, whether the figures are on the face of a bank note or in presenting figures to the public as information. In his book and in all his speeches the large part of "Coin" Harvey's figures are forgeries in that light. A man who commits forgeries is not entitled to the confidence of a person of fair sense. For instance, he gives in his book what purports to be the world's production of gold and silver, taken from the report of the director of the mints. Eleven of the nineteen quotations of gold and twelve of silver are wrong—made to help him to establish his false assertions regarding the stocks of gold and silver. As a sample of such forgeries the following are taken from the appendix to "Coin's Financial School" and from the report of the director of the mints, page 50, showing the world's product of gold:

Year	Mint Figures.	"Coin's" Figures.
1880	\$135,427,700	\$135,427,700
1889	163,032,000	172,235,000
1890	177,352,300	186,735,000
1891	198,014,400	196,608,000
1892	146,815,100	139,817,900

Here is a discrepancy of \$31,827,800 between the actual official figures and those which "Coin" gave as such. Take another sample of the world's output of silver for four years, as follows:

Year	Mint Figures.	"Coin's" Figures.
1889	\$135,427,700	\$135,427,700
1890	163,032,000	172,235,000
1891	177,352,300	186,735,000
1892	198,014,400	196,608,000

In regard to gold, Harvey evidently desired to make it appear that the output is not increasing as rapidly as it really was, while in regard to silver he desired to make it appear that the mines were not increasing the output of the white metal as rapidly as was the fact.

HIS MOTIVE.

It is reported by the dispatches that the Democratic National Committee is to print and use as a campaign document a letter alleged to have been written by Bismarck, as well as a communication signed by several jaw-breaking names and supposed to have come from Buda-Pesth. It may develop in time that these documents were never sent outside of Chicago, but even if they were, too much importance should be attached to them. It is strange, too, that our friends who profess in their platform a contempt for the customs of commercial nations should care what may be thought by a retired German or a body of grangers

in session across the sea.

Furthermore, we doubt if the advice of Europeans is safe to follow unless they are ready to take their own medicine. That they are all willing for America to blaze the way in doubtful experiments no one questions. If we do well they can readily follow our example. If we break our backs the fracture would occasion no widespread grief in the old country. A successful and happy republic is a standing indictment of a monarchy and there is no European State or statesman anxious for the great republic to grow in grace or power. Otto von Bismarck, while standing in the front rank of the few great men the world has produced, is not noted for allowing conscience to interfere with business when the fortune of Germany are in the balance. It is only natural for him to take an interest in the silver question and it is human nature or rather Bismarck nature to test it with a vicarious sacrifice. The German prince is willing to immolate the United States just as Mark Twain was willing to sacrifice all his relatives in behalf of his country.

It would be more to the point if the Bryan contingent were to produce the same authority to show that he had urged Germany to try the single-handed and unlimited coinage of silver. He has not done that and until he does we may safely assume that this sudden and apparent interest in the United States is not altogether disinterested. When a doctor thinks he has made a discovery he first tries it on a dog. If the dog lives he tries it on a human being. This is doubtless about the way Bismarck feels about testing free and unlimited coinage of silver by a single power. At least he is not anxious for Germany to lead.—Tulare Register.

Henry James.

It is said that Henry James, the novelist, maintains that single blessedness is the only condition for an artist or genius, giving as a reason that the details of domestic life exhausts fine nerves and delicate mental fiber. He confirms his theory by living in bachelor chambers in London, entertaining his friends charmingly, and in turn being entertained by them, and yet, although surrounded by bright, attractive women, his heart still holds its allegiance to self.

The nickel cent was authorized Feb. 21, 1857, and its coinage was begun the same year.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE market is steady, and in demand at strong prices compared with last week. SHEEP are still being offered freely, with prices steady.
HOGS are steady in abundance, and prices are still offered.
PROVISIONS are in good demand at prices a trifle easier.
LIVESTOCK.—The quoted prices are per lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.
Cattle.—No. 1 Steers, 7 lb, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4; 2nd quality, 4 1/2 @ 5; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4; second quality, 3 3/4 @ 4.
Hogs.—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under, 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4; over 250 lbs 2 1/4 @ 2 3/4.
Sheep.—Wethers, dressing, 60 lbs and under, 2 @ 2 1/4; Ewes, 1 3/4 @ 2.
Lambs.—1 1/2 @ 1 5/8 per head, or 2 1/4 @ 2 3/4, gross, weighed alive.
Calves.—Under 150 lbs, alive, gross weight, 3 1/4 @ 4; over 150 lbs 3 @ 3 1/2.
FRESH MEAT.—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:
Beef.—First quality steers, 4 1/4 @ 5; second quality, 4 @ 4 1/4; First quality cows and heifers, 4 @ 4 1/4; second quality, 3 3/4 @ 4; third quality, 2 3/4 @ 3.
Veal.—Large, 5 @ 5 1/2; small, 6 @ 7 1/2; Mutton.—Wethers, 5c; ewes, 4 1/2c; Lambs, 6 @ 6c.
Dressed Hogs.—4 1/4 @ 4 1/2.
PROVISIONS.—Hams, 9 1/2 @ 11; picnic hams, 5 1/2 @ 6 1/2.
Bacon.—Ex. L. S. C. bacon, 10c; light S. C. bacon, 9c; med. bacon, clear, 6 1/2c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 7c; clear light, bacon, 8c; clear ex. light bacon, 8 1/2c. Beef.—Extra Family, bbl, \$9 50; do, hf-bbl, \$5 00; Extra Mess, bbl, \$8 00; do, hf-bbl, \$4 25.
Pork.—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6c; do, light, 6 1/2c; do, Bellies, 6 1/2 @ 7c; Extra Clear, bbls, \$14 00; hf-bbls, \$7 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$4 50; do, kits, \$1 20.
Lard.—Prices are 7 @ 8.
Compound 5 1/2 5 1/4 5 3/4 5 3/4 5 3/4
Cal. pure 5 1/2 5 1/4 5 3/4 5 3/4 5 3/4
In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2c higher than on 5-lb tins.
Canned Meats.—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1 70; 1s 9c; Roast Beef, 2s \$1 70; 1s, 9c.
Terms.—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

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Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.

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Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

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Dry Goods and Fancy Goods; Boots and Shoes; Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods; Crockery and Agate Ware; Hats and Caps,

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

A Small Girl's Discovery.

"I know why it's such fun to play in the hay," said little Anne. "It's because hay tickles you and makes you laugh."—Harper's Round Table.

Twice as Large.

"Is your father a large man?" asked a stranger of little 5-year-old Ted. After a moment's thought he replied: "Well, he's just twice as big as I am, because one pair of his pants will make two for me."

Story of an Overworked Plant.

What would you think of a plant that would raise two kinds of vegetables at the same time?

Such a vegetable wonder has been produced at the Michigan Agricultural College by grafting the tomato on the potato. When the plant grows little potatoes appear in the ground and little tomatoes on the stems, and the two grow up apparently untroubled by the fact that plant which bears them is doing double work. This experiment is made possible by the near relation of the potato and the tomato, and it is possible that the farmers of the future may save a great deal of land and a great deal of energy by growing this potato-tomato plant. For when the crop of tomatoes is harvested the vines can be pulled up and the potatoes dug.

Perhaps the clever experimenter will be making little kittens grow on grape vines next.

Trick of the Kodak.

Nowadays a boy who goes fishing without a kodak hasn't half a chance. He may catch some very large fish, but how is he going to prove it? When he measures on his arm the length of a pickerel or a bass that bent his pole double all his friends will wink knowingly; no amount of argument will convince them that he landed anything more than perch and "sunnies." But if he has a kodak he can prove almost anything.

Not long ago Frank Newell, a Chicago boy, went up into Wisconsin to fish. He had his kodak along, and when he came back he exhibited a



FRANK'S BIG FISH.

picture that made the eyes of his friends bulge with amazement. There in the center of the photograph stood Frank looking proudly at a fish which he held in his outstretched hand. The fish was fully as large as Frank—and Frank is nearly 15 years old. It was a black bass, and old fishermen who had often declared that no bass ever weighed more than five pounds beheld a fish that could not have weighed less than 100 pounds.

All this time Frank chuckled in his sleeve. For it was a "trick" photograph. When it was taken the fish was hung far to the front of Frank on the limb of a tree. Then he raised his hand in such a way that it had the appearance of holding the fish by a string. The fish, being so far in the foreground, appeared in the photograph several times its natural size.

But Frank insists, now that the trick has been discovered, that it was really a monster fish.

A Tale of Two Bears.

Once upon a time two bears lived together in a hollow tree. It was a long time before any white men came to this country, and the bears were a great and powerful race. One of these bears was a handsome fellow, and he liked to go visiting and to lie in the sun and to eat dinner regularly. The other bear was a quiet fellow and most of his friends said that he was very stupid. Every day when his brother lolled comfortably under a gooseberry bush he would go out into the forest and find a huge oak. Then he would stand up on his hind legs and scratch the rough bark with his claws until they were as sharp as needles. It was hard work and the other bear laughed at him for doing it.

"What's the use of sharpening your claws?" he asked. "Game's plenty." And then he would go back to sleep again.

That winter was long and cold, and when the two bears came out of the hollow tree in the spring they were both thin and hungry and cross. The handsome fellow went down to the creek and tried to catch some fish for dinner, but the ice was so thick and slippery that his dull claws made no impression on it. A little later his brother came down and dug a hole near

the waterfall and caught a great many fish and ate them. The handsome bear, who was both cross and hungry, began to grumble.

"I never have any luck," he said. "You are the lucky one of the family."

"Luck," said the other, who was feeling comfortable after a full dinner. "It wasn't luck at all. I sharpened my claws last fall while you were sleeping in the sunshine."

The Lady's Name.

A New Orleans man who is a fond papa was telling his friends yesterday of the hard time he had trying to teach his youngster to say "Mississippi." The word seemed more than the little one could master. Finally the father hit upon the plan of teaching the child the word by syllables.

"Now, say after me," he said to the boy, "Missis."

"Missis," said the infant phenomenon.

"Sippi," said the boy.

"Now say the whole thing," commanded the father.

"Missis," began the child, and then he thought a while. "Papa," said he, "what did you say the lady's name was?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

EUGENE FIELD'S HOME.

His Many Queer Clocks and His Library of Rare Books.

One should not always judge a man by his house, but in the case of Eugene Field it seemed as if his house were a part of him. It is an old-fashioned two-story farmhouse with a wide porch, to which has been added a large circular wing with an outside chimney such as the Southerners love. As you enter the hall, you notice an elaborately ornamented old English tall clock of the kind usually known in this country as "Grandfather's Clock." It is one of three such clocks in the house; a second stands on a stairlanding, after the manner of Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stair," and a third was in Eugene Field's sleeping-room. The last one has a going in it like a country dinner-bell, and clangs the hour with a loud metallic ring.

In the same room he had a "frank clock" made entirely of wood, that ticks like a hammer striking hard wood. In the library there is a quaint little one made with a see-saw—a wee boy and girl sitting upon a log to regulate the pendulum. This is a very well behaved little piece of mechanism, as it makes no noise and is really pretty. Contrasted with it, standing near Field's writing table, is a plain New England kitchen clock such as our grandmothers used in their light, airy kitchens. It is a medium-sized affair of mahogany with a glass door, on the lower half of which are painted impossible red roses and forget-me-nots. It is a good old domestic clock, and went on faithfully ticking away when the others were cranky and would not keep the time regularly.

As you enter the house, the library is on the left hand. All around the walls of the room are bookcases. Suppose we look at the case beyond the window, which might be called the Fairy Corner. Here are gathered books of fairy lore from all parts of the world, for there was hardly an old bookstore in London, Paris or Berlin which Mr. Field did not know well. In this wonderful fairy corner are Cossack fairy tales, Eastern fairy tales, legends of the French provinces, legends of Ireland, Norway, Germany, Spain, New England, and all the modern English fairy stories.—St. Nicholas.

Effect of an Audience.

One of the peculiarities of the oratorical temperament is that it is subject to what our grandmothers called "vapors," or depression of spirit. In such a mood a molehill seems a mountain, and a grasshopper is a burden. Mental effort is impossible, and an engagement to speak in public as repugnant as is the sound of the dinner-gong to a seasick passenger. The only cure for such an attack of spleen is to get, by hook or crook, the orator before the audience, where the excitement will put him mentally and physically on his feet.

In 1859 Thomas Corwin, Ohio's most eloquent orator, had consented to deliver the oration at the celebration of the Fourth of July on the Tippecanoe battle-grounds. The night before the celebration, Corwin called his son-in-law, Mr. Sage, to his room and told him that he had been unable to sleep and was much discouraged about his address the next day. He had tried to think over his speech, but his memory had failed him, and he was afraid he would make a failure. His son-in-law advised him to dismiss the speech from his mind and go to sleep.

The next morning Mr. Corwin felt so indisposed that he announced his inability to speak. The marshal of the day finally persuaded him to ride out to the grounds and take a seat on the platform, whence he might explain to the people why he was unable to deliver the oration, and thus lessen their disappointment.

At the proper time, Mr. Corwin rose to make his apology; but as he looked over the audience of forty thousand people, that "sea of upturned faces" stirred both body and brain. He made a few commonplace remarks, and then struck upon the first sentence of the manuscript he had prepared.

"It is all right, he will speak," whispered Mr. Sage to the president of the day.

It was all right; the orator went on and spoke for two hours. The manuscript he had prepared was the introduction of the speech—a page and a half of legal cap—which Mr. Sage had read the day before. The audience made the sick man well, and an orator again.

Value of Serum in Diphtheria Cases. The use of serum in diphtheria has reduced the deaths 50 per cent in German hospitals.

ERNEST CROFTS.

English Painter Clothied with Full Honors of the Royal Academy.

Ernest Crofts, the English painter, who has recently been clothed with the full honors of the Royal Academy, is the only artist in England who is just now prominent as a painter of military subjects. He was born at Leeds about fifty years ago and studied at Rugby and subsequently at Berlin. He took a course in drawing at London and then entered the studio of Herr Emil Herten of Düsseldorf, who enjoyed the patronage of the German court. Herten painted pictures of war and Crofts adopted the same branch of the art. He selected British subjects for his pictures, and has illustrated the history of the wars of the roundheads and cavaliers, Cromwell and Prince Rupert, Wallenstein and William III., and Blucher and Wellington. It was, however, by his pictures of more modern and immediate interest that Mr. Crofts attracted most attention. Episodes of the



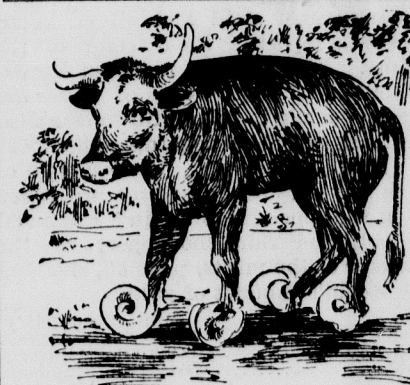
ERNEST CROFTS.

Franco-German war brought him into notice, and one of his earliest works, "The Retreat," exhibited in 1874, was purchased for the royal gallery at Koenigsburg to show that feats of arms stimulate a love of art, and that among a military people military subjects are popular. The recognition of Mr. Crofts' ability and genius has come rather late, but it is something to know that the English academy has not altogether forgotten the fact that a soldier is not yet the most despised person in the kingdom. Perhaps it is to encourage the military spirit that the academicians have made the greatest military painter in their country one of their number.

SIX-HORNED COW.

Four of Them, However, Grow on Her Pedal Extremities.

A six-horned cow would be a curiosity that would cause much wonderment if the horns all grew on her head, but when a cow makes her appearance with horns on her feet besides those on her head the people are amazed and wonder what next. A Texas man is the owner of the "horny-footed" quadruped, and wants \$500 for it. He con-



HORNS ON HER HOOF.

templates taking the cow over the country to be exhibited.

The Retort Discourteous.

A small and dirty newsboy working a paying game for a week or so down in the shopping districts. He would don a most pathetic expression, go up to a woman and say, "Missis, won't you buy a paper? Dis is my birthday, and I ain't sold hardly any." Of course he would sell one in nine cases out of ten, and would generally get a nickel and be told to keep the change. He must have kept this up fully a week and reaped a bountiful harvest. At last one young woman who became rather skeptical on the subject of "birthdays," stopped the young genius and remarked in tones clear enough to be heard some little distance, "See here, little boy, what did you say about your birthday?"

"Lady, please buy a paper; dis is my birthday, and I ain't sold but one paper to-day," whined the young rascal.

"Now, little boy, to my certain knowledge you have had a birthday every day this week. Aren't you ashamed to tell such stories?"

He was cornered for a minute and stood with head cast down and every appearance of remorse. At last he looked up with a most innocent expression and said: "Well, you see, lady, you en me were different. I ain't old, en I though I'd have a lot of birthdays, on den I could quit havin' 'em like you. See?"

She concluded he was past reforming and, slipping a dime in his hand, moved on sighing over the wickedness of the generation, while the young sinner executed a pas seul of his invention.—Chicago Tribune.

The Best.

It has long been a moot point whether single or married men make the best soldiers. Some maintain that the lack of wife and family tends to make a man more reckless of his life, therefore a good soldier. Others say that the married man is almost a veteran when he enters the ranks, being inured to combat, therefore a good soldier. In the recent Tunisian campaign a French colonel was questioned upon this point. "Both are right," said he. "Look yonder. Do you see that battalion of hap-

py, devil-may-care fellows? They are all single men, and they would take their lives in their hands. But look again. Do you see those taciturn, sombre, gloomy-looking men there? They are all married, and in a hand-to-hand fight they are terrors." "What is the name of the battalion?" asked the enquirer. "They are called," said the colonel, gravely, "The Children of Despair."

GORDON AND LI HUNG CHANG.

Their Disagreement Over the Punishment of the Taiping Rebels.

Ex-Secretary John W. Foster saw much of Li Hung Chang while he was acting as confidential adviser to the Emperor of China in the peace negotiations with Japan. He has written a sketch of the Chinese Viceroy, which appears in the century. Of the Taiping rebellion Mr. Foster says:

Li Hung Chang came out of these campaigns with a high reputation for military skill, great administrative capacity, and devoted loyalty to the reigning dynasty, and was thenceforward the most famous man of his nation. But just at the close of the war an incident occurred which, in the estimation of most foreigners, has remained as a blight upon his fair name. In the final great battle, which resulted in the capture of the most prominent of the leaders of the rebellion Gordon, who was instrumental in their actual capture, promised to spare their lives, but immediately after being sent to headquarters they were beheaded. Gordon, who was of an impetuous temperament, denounced this act as a breach of faith, and, it is said, threatened to take the life of Li and to throw up his command. But he did neither.

Li claimed that the refractory conduct of the rebel princes after their surrender made the punishment a necessity; and such a cool-headed and experienced man as Sir Robert Hart, with a full knowledge of the facts, held that Colonel Gordon was not justified in his conduct, and induced him to reconsider his action and judgment. Gordon continued in command for some time, and up to the day of his death at Khartum maintained most friendly relations with the viceroy.

Notwithstanding these facts English writers generally insist that Li was guilty of bad faith and of bloody and inhuman conduct. But it should be borne in mind that the Taiping rebellion was a most desolating and relentless war; that it had destroyed many populous cities; had laid waste nearly one-half of the empire; had sacrificed an enormous number of lives, estimated as high as twenty millions; and that the leaders who were beheaded had been guilty of horrid cruelties. Under such circumstances it would not have been strange if even the most civilized and Christian commander, in the flush of victory, should have ordered the execution of the authors of such untold horrors and bloodshed. The seamy mutiny of India synchronizes with the Taiping rebellion. If the "heaven Chinese" should wish to retort upon his foreign critics, he might not find it difficult to parallel his own conduct with that of his civilized neighbors, the rulers of India.

What He Was Waiting For.

One of the best "applause" stories is related of a singer who was exceedingly self-conscious—not to say intolerably conceited—who, at a concert at which she was to vocalize, handed to the German gentleman who was accompanying her at the pianoforte a copy of her song marked in several places, "Wait for the applause." At the end of one verse there came a dead silence among the audience. The accompanist laid not finger on key, but blinked friendly through his spectacles at the lady. "What are you waiting for?" she asked in an exasperated undertone. "I am waitin' for de abblause," replied the pianist, "and he nod gom yet!"—London Times.

Terrible.



New Boarder—This rain is good for the farmer. Brings things up out of the ground, you know.

Farmer—Gosh, don't talk that way. I've just buried my third wife.

How to Speak of Birds.

The correct names of the assemblages of birds are as follows: A covey of partridges; a nye, nide or nest of pheasants; a heard of swans; an exalting of larks; a watching of nightingales; a team of ducks; a muster of peacocks; a bevy of quails; a flight of doves; a flock of gargle of geese; a spring of teal; a fall of woodcocks; a pack of grouse; a sedge of herons; a shoal of rocks; a trip of widgeon; a wisp or walk of snipe.

"Tell me," said the young man passionately, "is my answer to be spelled with three letters or two?" "Three," said the summer girl, shyly. "Darling!" "That is to say, it is 'nit.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"At this point she broke down and wept scalding tears." "Dear me! She must have been boiling over with rage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

We make to-morrow harder by assuming useless obligations to-day that must be met to-morrow.

Mr. Sewall is distinguished as owning the best vegetable garden in Maine.



If I could gratify a wish,
My wealth would be untold.
The bags my trousers all possess
I'd have filled up with gold.

—Life.

First Clerk—She's a married lady. Second Clerk—How do you know? "She ordered two hammocks."—Life.

Mrs. Quiverful (sternly)—What was going on in the parlor last night? Ethel (blushing)—Only my engagement ring, mamma.—Life.

Cynthia (looking at photograph)—Hiram, just turn your head a little. Hiram—You have turned it already, Cynthia.—New York World.

He—It's reported around that we are engaged. She—Well, you know it's a mistake. He—Yes; I called to see if I couldn't rectify it.—Puck.

Arthur—Are you sure she loves you? Jack—Yes. When I told her I had no money to marry on she asked me if I couldn't borrow some.—Puck.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "er man puts on er long face an' says he's discouraged when he's simply too lazy try again."—Washington Star.

She—Everybody says you married me only for my money. He—But I didn't, dear. I know you look it, dear, but I didn't.—Indianapolis Journal.

Her Father—Has my daughter given you any encouragement, sir? Suitor—Well, she said you were always a very generous parent.—Philadelphia American.

Mame—I hope you didn't let that Mr. Huggins put his arm about you? Mabel—Why? Is there anything the matter with his arm?—Washington Star.

Mrs. Elmore—I wonder how many stops that new organ of De Smyth's has got? Elmore—Only three, I should judge. One for each meal.—Buffalo Times.

"I see they are applying ball bearings to a great many things now." "Yes; they have a ball bearing sign down where I keep my watch."—Washington Times.

Stern Parent—You say he is a genius. Geniuses seldom amount to much. Daughter—But, pa, he promises that he will not work at it after we are married.—Boston Transcript.

Hoax—Poor Bjonas has to run all the errands and cook his own meals. Joax—What's the trouble? Hoax—He was foolish enough to buy his wife a bicycle.—Philadelphia Record.

When in the brassy skies above
No hope nor help I see,
I gladly seek the girl I love—
She's always cool to me.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Spirit (at Lily Dale seance)—Don't you know me? I'm the spirit of your mother-in-law. Investigator—You can't fool me. My mother-in-law always brought her trunk with her.—Buffalo Times.

"I suppose you know all about the financial question?" said the intimate friend. "I don't say that I know all about it," replied the candidate, "but I know enough not to talk about it."—Washington Star.

Miss Chilledame—Don't you know that nature rebels against laziness? A man can get nothing in this world without labor. Wrestling Offen—Humph! Can't he? He can git hungry, I guess.—Harper's Bazar.

Peasant—I spoke to our herb doctor and he advised me that I should— Doctor (interrupting)—Oh, he gave you some idiotic advice, I don't doubt. Peasant—He advised me to see you.—Humoristische Blaetter.

"Has your wife learned to ride a wheel?" "Nup; but she has been taking cooking lessons, and about every morning she goes into the kitchen and has a scorching competition with the cook."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Isn't it too bad about Charlie Newed? I understand that since his marriage he and his wife have been living from hand to mouth." "Oh, I guess they're all right. It's her father's hand, you know."—New York Press.

Nell—Miss Bjonas uses French phrases in the most peculiar manner. Belle—Does she? Nell—Yes, indeed! Why, at breakfast yesterday I asked her how she liked her eggs, and she said they were very chick.—Philadelphia Record.

"Have you got it on you yet?" asked little Peter of his sister's bestest best. "W—w—what?" inquired the three night a week beau. Sister said the other night she wished you'd hurry up and get a move on you."—Philadelphia North American.

"I say, captain," said a young Englishman on board an American clipper, "that flag of yours has not floated in every breeze and over every sea for a thousand years, has it?" "No, it ain't," replied the captain, "but it has licked one that has."—Youth's Companion.

Fenderson—I consider it a good rule, and it's one I have tried to follow, to say bright things only once in a while; in that way my good things are remembered. If I was all the time getting off bright things they wouldn't be noticed. Fogg—A very good rule; but, Fendy, don't you think you observe it too closely?—Boston Transcript.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

Marco Polo's Account of the Plateau of Pamir and Its Inhabitants.

In leaving Badashar you ride twelve days between east and northeast, ascending the river that runs through land belonging to a brother of the Prince of Badashan, and containing a good many towns and villages and scattered habitations. The people are Mahometans, and valliant in war. At the end of those twelve days you come to a province of no great size, extending indeed no more than three days' journey in any direction, and this is called Vokhan. The people worship Mahomet, and they have a peculiar language. They are gallant soldiers, and they have a chief whom they call None, which is as much as to say Count, and they are liegemen to the Prince of Badashan.

There are numbers of wild beasts of all sorts in this region. And when you leave this little country, and ride three days northeast, always among mountains, you get to such a height that 'tis said to be the highest place in the world! And when you have got to this height you find a great lake between two mountains, and out of it a fine river running through a plain clothed with the finest pasture in the world; inasmuch that a lean beast there will fatten to your heart's content in ten days. There are great numbers of all kinds of wild beasts; among others, wild sheep of great size, whose horns are a good six palms in length. From these horns the shepherds make great bowls to eat from, and they use the horns also to enclose folds for their cattle at night. Messer Marco was told also that the wolves were numerous, and killed many of those wild sheep. Hence quantities of their horns and bones were found, and these were made into great beads by the wayside, in order to guide travelers when snow was on the ground.

The plain is called Pamir, and you ride across it for twelve days altogether, finding nothing but a desert without habitations or any green thing, so that travelers are obliged to carry with them whatever they have need of. The region is so lofty and cold that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly, nor give out so much heat as usual, nor does it cook food so effectually.

Now, if we go on with our journey toward the east-northeast, we travel a good forty days, continually passing over mountains and hills, or through valleys, and crossing many rivers and tracts of wilderness. And in all this way you find neither habitation of man, nor any green thing, but must carry with you whatever you require. The country is called Bolor. The people dwell high up in the mountains, and are savage idolaters, living only by the chase, and clothing themselves in the skins of beasts. They are in truth an evil race.—St. Nicholas.

In Hard Luck.

Just across from the depot was the town graveyard, and sitting on a baggage truck on the platform was a ragged, lonesome man, whom any one would have spotted at once for a tramp. There were a dozen of us walking up and down as we waited for the train, but for a quarter of an hour the tramp sat with his head in his hands and had nothing to say to any one. Then a passenger, who was evidently on "good terms with himself, walked up to the man and said:

"Dead broke, of course, old man?" "Yes, dead broke," replied the man on the truck, as he looked up.

"Haven't had anything to eat in two or three days, eh?"

"Not since yesterday morning."

"Willing to work, but your health won't permit it, I take it, as is the case with all the rest of 'em?"

"My health ain't overly good," replied the tramp, after a bit.

"No, of course not," laughed the man. "Perhaps you are also worrying about your family? Do you want to raise a dollar in time to get home to see your wife die?"

"Come along, you—come along gents," said the tramp, as he rose up and climbed the graveyard fence.

Half a dozen of us followed him, and as we reached the fence and looked over, he pointed to three graves which were so new that grass had not taken root, and said:

"There's the family—wife and two children. A week ago I was 100 miles away, but I got to thinking about these graves, and I couldn't stay away. This morning I finished my walk, and I was waiting for the train to go before I came up here. Yes, I'm dead broke, and hungry and in poor health and a tramp and there's the reason of it. When they died it broke me up."

One by one we went back to the platform. The tramp came last of all, and he was going away without looking at us, when the man who chaffed him put the money he had raised in his hand added a \$5 bill from his own pocket and kindly said:

"Take it, old man, and better luck go with you. I'm sorry I spoke as I did."—New York Mercury.

Her Little Mouth.

Mrs. Hard—Do have some more cream, Miss Sweettooth.

Miss Sweettooth (hesitatingly)—Well, just a little, Mrs. Hard. Only a mouthful.

Mrs. Hard—Bridget, fill up Miss Sweettooth's plate again.—Tit-Bits.

Always New Ones.

Mrs. Illnow—Don't you doctors ever get out of patience?

M. D.—Oh, of course; some die and others leave, but there are always new ones to fill in.—Detroit Journal.

Nine Feet of Mustache.

A clerk at the Fort Hall India agency has a mustache that measures nine feet from tip to tip.

LITTLE AH SID.

Little Ah Sid
Was a Christian kid,
A cute little cuss you'd declare,
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that begun
Right up under the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was this frolicsome brat,
Playing through the long summer day
And braided his cue
The same as he used to,
In China-land, far away.

Once o'er a lawn
That Ah Sid played upon,
A humble bee flew in the spring,
"Melican butterfly!"
Said he, with winking eye,
"Me cathee and pull off um wing."

Then with his cap
He struck it a rap,
This innocent humble bee,
And put its remains
In the seat of his jeans,
For a pocket there had the Chinese.

Down on the green
Sat the little sardine,
In a style that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin
That was brimful of sin,
"Me mashee um butterfly sure."

Little Ah Sid,
Was but a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess,
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress.

"Ki ya! Ki yip pe!"
Cried Ah Sid, as he
Rose hurriedly from the spot,
"Ki pi? Yuk a kan!"
Dam on Melican man—
Um butterfly very much hot!"

MARRYING A MILLIONAIRE.

I.
Maimie Wrottesley dreaded the interview, yet she would not have foregone it. Even to hear from Ralph's lips what she knew she was going to hear was—well, a pleasure. But it was dangerous.

She was in her own room when her maid came to tell her that Mr. Ruyton had called. She was fingering the necklace of pearls that Donald Ferguson had sent her last week, just as a trifling birthday present. It had cost hundreds, said the jeweler to whom her proud mother had shown it casually. There was also the little gold watch with the monogram M. W. wrought in diamonds on the back. That had arrived on Christmas eve, an hour or two before Mr. Ferguson himself. "It's no good," sighed Maimie, "it has got to be. Poor Ralph must see it."

Then she went down to "poor Ralph." He was standing gazing rapidly at Maimie's latest photograph. It was in a gold frame, the frame the gift to Mrs. Wrottesley of the inevitable Mr. Ferguson.

"She deserves to be mounted in gold, and in gold she will be mounted, if you will allow me," Mr. Ferguson had said, and, of course, Maimie's mother had no objection.

"Mr. Ruyton," Maimie whispered. He turned and showed her his saddened face.

"It's got to that, has it?" he said. "After being 'Ralph' for about a score of years, too."

"My dear old boy," then said Maimie, impulsively, "circumstances have got to be accepted, and it's no use thinking anything else."

"So I suppose. Circumstances embellished by about a million sterling."

"You have no right to reproach me like that!"

"No? Then I reckon no one has the right. However" (Ralph pulled himself together and looked the gallant fellow he was, "as I have no intention of surrendering without a murmur, let me say my little word and depart."

"What have you got to say?" asked Maimie. Her voice trembled ever so slightly.

"Why, just this, Maimie, if you will excuse the liberty I take with your name, I love you as fondly as man can love a woman, and if I do not marry you I suppose I shall go single to the grave. But that wouldn't matter much, I expect. The main thing is this: I've had a lift in my department, and my income is now £800 per annum. On that, if you would look on me with favor—"

He hesitated. In spite of his restrained, half-ironical humor, the yearning tone got into his words.

"It is impossible, Ralph; quite impossible."

Ralph shrugged his shoulders.

"So I supposed," he remarked. "You may as well have my scalp, though, I've been told ladies enjoy these conquests when the sere-and-yellow-leaf time comes."

"You are cruel," murmured Maimie.

"Am I? Then I apologize. Until three months ago I was under the impression that we were all the world to each other, and that a suitable income was the only hindrance to me as an acceptable suitor for your dear hand."

"I never said so."

"No. It was your mother. Therefore, I will infer nothing. Good-by."

Maimie's blue eyes had tears in them. She knew now what this parting meant to her, as well as to him. She did not put her hand into his for a moment or two. She did not even look at him.

It was not without a strong effort that Ralph kept from taking her in his arms, in spite of everything. Those tears maddened him.

"Good-by, Maimie," he said again, "and good luck."

"Good-by, Ralph," she then replied, with a muffled sob in her throat. His hand closed upon hers and held it while he could have counted ten.

"I do not despair," he said, "for I both suspect and hate my rival." There was a rustle of silk and in sailed Mrs. Wrottesley. She had heard these last words and was angry. "My daughter will marry Mr. Ferguson next month," she said, with the stoniness of demeanor that must have reconciled her late husband in his early demise. "There can be no question about rivalry in this matter. Good afternoon, Mr. Ruyton. Ring the bell, Maimie."

Ralph Ruyton went back to town both irritated and depressed. Not being a very original young man, he could think of no more original way of fighting the great Donald Ferguson, late of Melbourne and Coolgardie, than in calling in the aid of a detective.

James Porter, the detective engaged, encouraged him mightily by not laughing when he heard all Ralph had to say.

"You see," said Ralph, apologetically, "there's nothing really against him that I know of, but—"

"But there's a large field of possibilities. Quite so. When does this marriage take place?"

"In five or six weeks, I suppose," said Ralph, dismally.

"We must thank heaven for the invention of telegraphy. You wish no expenses spared?"

"Up to a few hundred, you know," Ralph replied.

"Very good. Then I will be off to the city immediately. If Mr. Ferguson has any virtues and any failings I shall certainly hear of them there."

"Then I may really hope?"

"To the extent of the few hundreds you can afford to expend in the matter, Mr. Ruyton," said the detective.

II.
In these words there seemed to Ralph, after the expiration of a week, no encouragement.

Mr. Porter had absolutely nothing to tell him in derogation of Mr. Ferguson's pocket, which had perhaps naturally appeared his only assailable side.

"I wish, sir," said the detective, "that my credit was as good as this Australian gentleman's. Folks smack their lips when they speak of him."

Whereat Ralph groaned.

"We may as well stop, then," he murmured.

"You just leave it with me," he said. "We've not done with him yet. I'll tell you soon enough when it's a hopeless case."

And so Ralph went his way with a shoulder shrug, and made all manner of foolish mistakes at the office, for the nearer Maimie's wedding day approached the less he was able to live like the promising young man he had been accounted—before Donald Ferguson came on the scene.

The last week arrived. The impending marriage had been mentioned in the papers, and Maimie's wedding gown had been described in two or three of the ladies' weeklies. Ralph's own particular chums, who knew how hard he was hit, had done their best with him—and failed. They could not convince him that there was as good fish in the North Sea as any that reached Grimsby market. Neither could they persuade him that Maimie Wrottesley was a heartless nix and worth no true man's adoration.

Meantime Mr. Porter had not been accessible.

Ralph had called twice and had not seen him. He had written and received no answer.

The truth was that his client irritated the good detective, who preferred not to see Ralph until he had hit what he was aiming at, or was positive he never could hit it. Mr. Porter was, in fact, "not at home" to Ralph Ruyton.

This, if Ralph could have known it, would have made yet one more of those pleasant arrows which the fates just then took delight in shooting at him.

As it was, he thought comparatively little about the detective, and all about Maimie.

He had seen her and the Coolgardie man driving together (with Mrs. Wrottesley) in the row, and he had seen them together in a Bond street shop. If he could judge by Maimie's face she was prodigiously happy. And he did so judge.

Mrs. Wrottesley was wiser. She knew better. Now that the marriage was only three days distant this astute lady felt sure nothing could keep her from being mother-in-law to a millionaire. But instinct told her so much that was in her daughter's mind that she longed intensely for the quick and safe transit of these last three days.

Needless anxiety, you would have thought, if you could have seen the marriage ceremony, which was duly celebrated with all the pomp exacted of the rich by Dame Fashion. There was not a hitch anywhere. True, Maimie was very pale, and once held her hand to her heart. But other brides did the same thing, and were not a whit less happy for it as wives.

Then came the breakfast, and soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were carried north.

Maimie hankered after the lakes for a honeymoon, said her mamma, and so Mr. Ferguson had engaged rooms at a Windermere hotel.

Matters had got thus far, indeed, ere Mr. Porter obtruded himself upon the unhappy Ralph. The latter was at the office, after an ineffectual luncheon, when the detective appeared.

"Well, Mr. Por—" Ralph was beginning, with great irony, when the other stopped him.

"There's no time for talk, sir," he exclaimed. "Come with me at once."

"But do you know—"

"I know everything. That confounded ship only came in at 11 o'clock this morning, and I couldn't trust my documents until then. I've thought it best to charter a special for us all."

The detective spoke with unctious-

He enjoyed his client's surprise immeasurably.

"I'll explain it all as we go along in the hansom," he added. "The others are already at Euston."

It was Ralph's turn to feel faint. However, Mr. Porter's subsequent words were better for him than sal volatile.

"There was another woman in the case," ran Porter's tale. "I learned that from a Melbourne man who knew the parties. He vowed Ferguson was married to her eight years ago. However, they're a wide-awake lot in Melbourne, and, thanks quite as much to that Melbourne man (who has a mighty fine grudge against Ferguson as to your hundreds), Mr. Ruyton, everything's clear. The wife herself and her eldest boy are at Euston. She has the certificate, and the lad's face tells its own tale. Oh, it's just a beautiful lot of piecing throughout, and all we've to do is to fix up the rogue about supper time."

Ralph's feelings may be imagined. Happily, there was no difficulty about the train. It could be so managed that this special arrived even before the other, carrying Maimie and the man who was not her husband.

Of the journey in both cases nothing need be said except this: Maimie came near wishing there could be a collision, with her death as one of the consequences. Mr. Ferguson's veneer of refinement was cast ruthlessly aside between London and Windermere. She was by no means the conventionally happy wife on her wedding day when she was invited to leave the train for the luxurious carriage that was awaiting them.

But at the hotel, much to the manager's chagrin, a dramatic scene had been arranged for them.

The millionaire's face was wreathed in smiles as he handed Maimie across the hotel threshold.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "A woman and a boy approached him in the vestibule."

"Donald!" said the former, and the boy exclaimed: "Father!"

The woman's eyes were tear-stained and reproachful. They did not look at Maimie, however.

"This is a plot. Who is in it?" then cried the millionaire. He glanced at Maimie, whose agitation was unmistakable. "You don't believe this nonsense, my dear?"

But Maimie only looked at the boy; that sufficed.

"I'm in it, Donald Ferguson, at your service," then said Mr. Porter, handing the millionaire his card. "Furthermore, I have to place you under arrest."

Ralph also stepped forward, trembling, with eyes for Maimie and no one else.

"Maimie," he murmured, "shall I take you home?"

But to answer the bride who was no bride could only stammer, "Oh, Ralph," and faint into his arms.

When she recovered her senses Mr. Ferguson was out of Westmoreland and she was being excellently cared for by a sympathetic domestic.

The next morning Mrs. Wrottesley appeared on the scene in a prodigious rage. Nor was her rage much abated by the resignation—even bright resignation—of Maimie under this terrible blow.

As for Ralph, he had hurried back to town in the night and was a changed man at the office the next day.

After the formal dissolution of the marriage that was no marriage, even Mrs. Wrottesley thought her daughter might as well marry Ralph.

And neither Ralph nor Maimie cared for the slight slur that the Ferguson affair had cast upon the latter as a candidate for a husband—Scottish Leader.

Getting a Pointer.
"You are a farmer, I take it?" queried the sharp-nosed man as he sat down beside the man with his trousers tucked into his boots.

"Waal, yaas, I farm," was the reply. "Then I want to talk to you. I've got a patent hay fork which I am going to travel with this summer, and I should like to get a few pointers from you to start on."

"Pointers, eh? Waal, what sort?"

"How shall I approach the average farmer?"

"Waal, you'll generally find him in the field."

"Yes."

"Just tell him what you've got."

"Yes."

"He'll ask you to the barn to talk."

"I see."

"But don't you go. Instead of that, make a bee-line fur your buggy, climb in, and scoot as fast as you can go fur the next six miles."

"But why?"

"Oh, nuthin' much. I only killed six myself last week; but, you know, it rained purty steady for two days, and travel was light."

The Date Harvest.
Egypt is the favored country of the date, and it is said that more than two millions and a half of palms are there registered as fruit-bearing trees, and as a single tree will sometimes bear as much as four hundred weight of dates—quoted last year at \$12.50 in London, but this year, from over-abundant supplies, not worth half—it may be seen what an important matter to the Egyptian fellah is his date harvest.

A Risky Service.
The African Lakes Company has become so careful that it compels its agents to pay their own funeral expenses; so many agents died that an order was actually issued compelling the agents to die at their own expense. For a long while the company has enjoyed a monopoly of trade.

If we had the power we would make every husband a wife until he had given birth to at least one child.

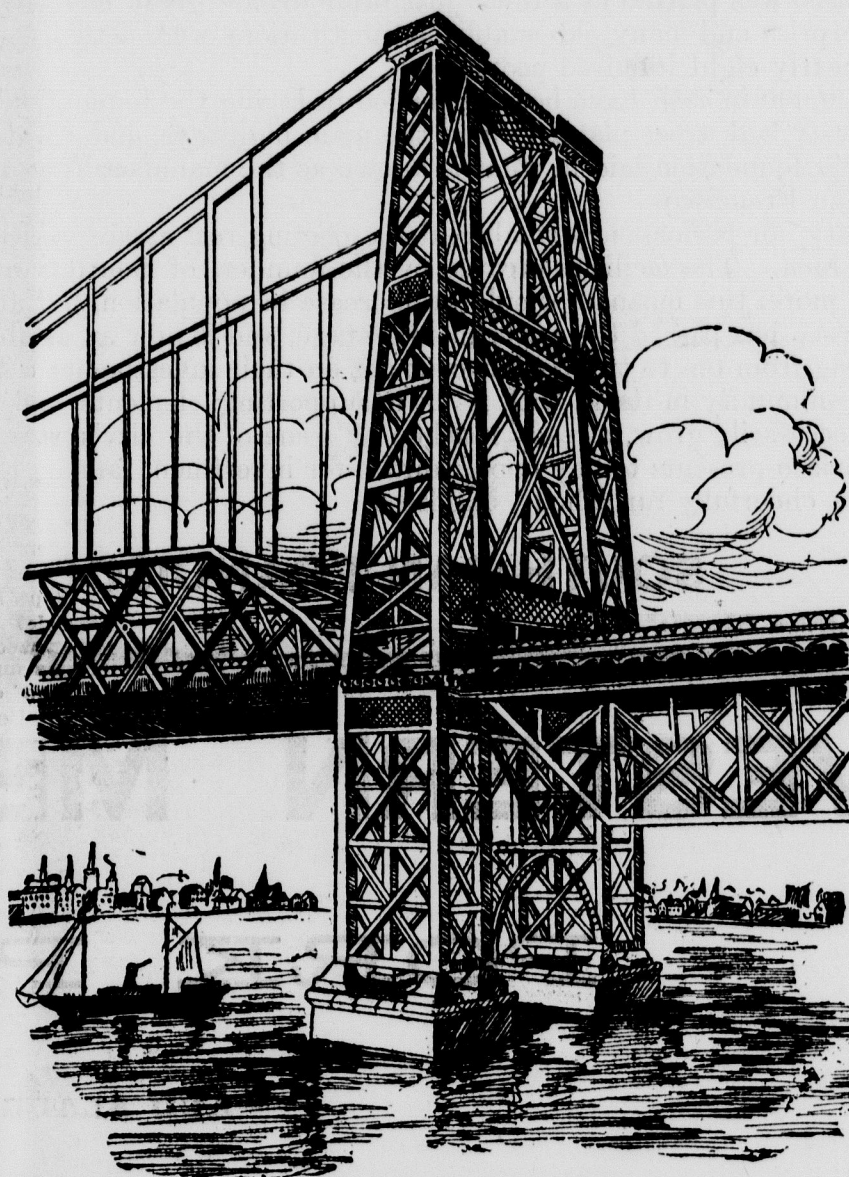
THE NEXT MARRIAGE IN EUROPEAN HIGH LIFE.



STRENGTH AND BEAUTY. Combination to Be Secured in the New Brooklyn Bridge Towers.

When the new Brooklyn bridge was determined upon the hope was frequently expressed that more attention would be paid to artistic beauty than was manifested in the case of the present structure. The commissioners had in view from the first the artistic appearance of the bridge, and Chief Engineer Buck makes the assertion that the great structure, though of steel, will be thoroughly artistic and ornamental. Mr. Buck authorizes the publication of a picture of one of the towers. The steel portion is 330 feet high

almost instantaneously. A man watches the death struggles of the dogs through a small glass at the side of the box. It only takes three minutes to fill the cage and dispatch its contents. As soon as the animals are suffocated they are dumped into special little blue-painted wagons and carted off. The killed dogs are taken to Pettibury, outside of the fortifications. As soon as a wagon arrives here it is met by two men, who dump the carcasses on the ground and throw them into a small shed. Here the work is finished. Two or three fellows take hold of the bodies, cut off the four feet and strip off the hide in the twinkling of



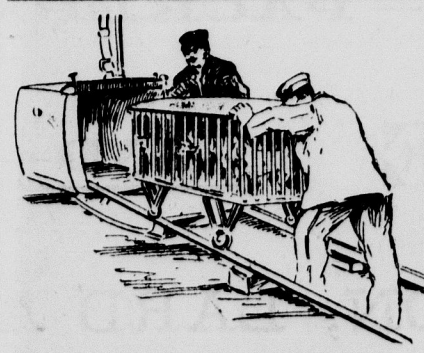
ONE OF THE TOWERS OF THE NEW BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

above the stone foundation, which will be twenty-two and one-half feet above high water.

KILLING PARISIAN DOGS.

Their Carcasses Are Used in Making Glue and Fertilizer.

Many worthless and some valuable dogs are killed by the dog catchers of Paris. The animals are not drowned, but are smothered to death. The method of killing the animals is quick and efficient. Standing on a narrow-gauged bit of rail track is an iron cage on a four-wheeled truck. This cage or coop is large enough to hold from twenty



SUFFOCATING THE DOGS.

to thirty dogs. As soon as there are sufficient animals the cage is filled and a couple of men send it on its journey of death.

In the corner of the room is a huge iron box, with which is connected an enormous tube supplied with valves and stopcocks. The iron cage, which fits this box to a nicety, is pushed into the box, which is shut hermetically. As soon as the cage is in and the apparatus closed the man opens the valve of the large tube mentioned. This lets in a deadly gas that kills the dog

an eye. Then the carcasses are passed to another, who cuts off the flesh, which is thrown in a heap. The hides are sent to the tanner, the bones are transformed into glue, and the flesh turned into fertilizing powder. Thus ends the career of the pampered Parisian pet.

His Science Was a Little Off.

One night a young man in Divinity Hall at Yale undertook, with a toy rifle, to hit a lamp. But his aim was poor and the ball passed through the window of an eminent and venerable professor of science and imbedded itself in the wall.

This was the opportunity for the professor and for science. He, too, set to work and computed the curve, and with the exact skill of infallible figures he traced the ball right back to the room of an innocent colleague, who didn't even know the rifle had been fired.

The unfledged minister flatly denied all knowledge of the affair. But men, even ministers, have been known to make denials in self-defense, and the professor had the proof with him. There was the bullet, there were the marks of its course, and there was the computation worked out.

It looked as if a pulpist career was to be nipped in the bud. But the guilty student heard what was going on. He called on the professor, confessed the offense, pointed out that the man of science was 200 feet out in his computation, and advised that the matter be dropped right where it was. And that was done.—Hartford Courant.

Many spend half their lives finding out which side their bread is buttered on before they discover that they don't like butter.

SHAKSPEARE A PLAGIARIST.

English Writer Says He Stole His Plots from Italian Novelists.

An English student of Italian literature has been at great pains to investigate William Shakspeare's indebtedness for his plots and backgrounds to the Italian novelists. He publishes the result of his studies in the Gentleman's Magazine, and it is an article all students of literature will want to read. It reveals the fine audacity of Mr. Shakspeare and shows how the world of readers gains when great genius takes its own where it finds it.

These Italian novelists were fine workmen and ingenious story-tellers, but Shakspeare clothed their creations in the flesh and blood of perennial humanity. They made the puppets of passion, true to the fashions and humors of their day, and invaluable as such; Shakspeare took them and gave them that philosophy and humanity that rings true through all changes of custom and knowledge and philosophy.

These writers had the faculty of invention, of incident and situation and dramatic movement and climax. Shakspeare may have really lacked these ingenious faculties of mind, but yet he had the dramatic perception of life—the whole of life, quick and stirring, all emotion and thought and passion.

If the novel had been established in England earlier, if the English writers had borrowed the form of the novel from the Italians bodily, instead of their plots, Shakspeare might have been our psychological novelist, for it seems that his dramatic power was of the deeper sort that seizes the heart and soul of life, rather than that which devises effective scenes and climaxes.

That is, if the English writer is to be trusted, and he seems to write with authority. He says "Cymbeline" and "All's Well That Ends Well" were taken from Boccaccio's "Decameron," "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" from Florio's "Pecorone," "Romeo and Juliet" "Much Ado About Nothing," "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Twelfth Night" from Bandello, and "Measure for Measure" and "Othello" from Giraldi's "Ecatommidi."

If any contemporary writer put himself in such indebtedness the critics would probably howl. And yet the richest imaginations, the most fantastical fancy, the keenest wit and wild est comprehension of human nature and life is often given to a writer who is destitute of the mere dramatic knack of improvising a story to carry on the frame of life as he knows and sees it.

Half our so-called creative and imaginative writers of to-day are merely ingenious plot and puppet makers, with no real gift of creation or imagination at all. The exceptions in English are Meredith, Hardy, Zangwill, Gissing and a baker's dozen or so others. The man of real imaginative gifts and the philosophic insight that invariably accompanies them is seldom recognized in the true office and capacity, for he so often lacks the melodramatic and theatrical ingenuity that perverts the course of human destiny for mere effectiveness. Since the deeper things of existence are usually excluded from fiction it is ten to one he is writing criticisms of essays and is thought to be prosy and dull by the majority of readers, to whom imaginative writing means simply the romance of abducting duchesses and bloody encounters by moonlight. But creation, as Emerson pointed out long ago, is in sight.

A story era is at this hour upon us. Let us hope that the true imaginative literature of insight, philosophy, poetry and analysis of character will yet emerge, when Ibsen and Maeterlinck and Sudermann and the rest are relieved by process of time of the stigma to all original observers, thinkers and innovators.

Shakspeare, if he were alive to-day, would be in the fore front of this new movement for freedom in literature, and he would stand right and left from science!—The Philistine.

Government Loans.

Many persons seem to have the idea that the government of Great Britain has loaned the government of the United States an immense sum of money, is now demanding payment in gold, and is ready and anxious to foreclose the mortgage, sell out the country and take immediate possession. To these it will be news to learn that the government of the United States, when it wants money, goes and borrows it in the market on its own securities, just as a merchant offers his notes at a bank, the only differences arising from the nature of the borrower, the magnitude of the transaction and the fact that the securities are called bonds instead of notes. The government of Great Britain has never loaned our government one cent. All our national obligations have been taken by banks, corporations or individuals, who regarded them as a good investment.

Earnest.

"We got the earnestest prosecutor in our country on earth," said Rubberneck Bill to the wondering tourist.

"Earnest?" said the tourist.

"You bet. Every time he don't hang a fellow he is prosecutin' he takes it as a personal insult and shoots the fellow, anyhow."—Indianapolis Journal.

Good Illustration.

Daughter—What do you suppose is meant, pa, by the expression "tangling alliances?"

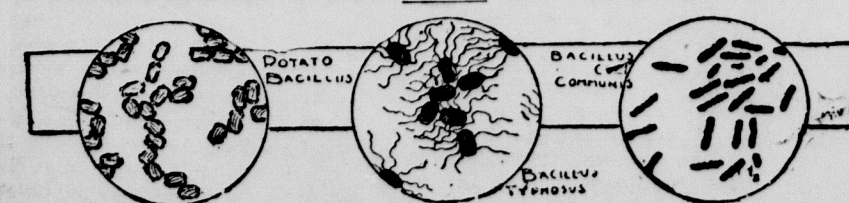
Pa—I couldn't possibly give you a better illustration of the meaning of that expression than you and Mr. Pressey presented at the garden gate last evening.—Boston Courier.

A Baseball Town.

"This is a great base-ball town, isn't it?"

"I should say so. A fellow can't even get off to go to his grandmother's funeral without showing a doctor's certificate."—Buffalo News.

BACILLI FOUND IN UNFILTERED LAKE MICHIGAN WATER.



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Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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